



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

the 1990s, the incidence of *Y. enterocolitica* serotype 4/O:3 has increased in the United Kingdom [10]. The serotype 4/O:3 strain isolated from the patient described here was indistinguishable from the strain isolated from the pig in 1992.

There is a paucity of data on the epidemiology of *Y. enterocolitica* in the United Kingdom. The only published data on the serotypes of *Y. enterocolitica* isolated from humans in the United Kingdom are from a study of 10 patients with enterocolitis in 1981 [11]. The serotypes of the isolates were 4/O:3, 4/O:4, 4/O:5, 4/O:6, 4/O:7, 4/O:8, 4/O:9, 4/O:10, 4/O:11 and 4/O:12.

There is also a paucity of data on the serotypes of *Y. enterocolitica* isolated from pigs in the United Kingdom. The only published data on the serotypes of *Y. enterocolitica* isolated from pigs in the United Kingdom are from a study of 10 isolates in 1981 [12]. The serotypes of the isolates were 4/O:3, 4/O:4, 4/O:5, 4/O:6, 4/O:7, 4/O:8, 4/O:9, 4/O:10, 4/O:11 and 4/O:12.

The serotype 4/O:3 strain isolated from the patient described here was indistinguishable from the strain isolated from the pig in 1992. The serotype 4/O:3 strain isolated from the patient described here was indistinguishable from the strain isolated from the pig in 1992. The serotype 4/O:3 strain isolated from the patient described here was indistinguishable from the strain isolated from the pig in 1992.

The serotype 4/O:3 strain isolated from the patient described here was indistinguishable from the strain isolated from the pig in 1992. The serotype 4/O:3 strain isolated from the patient described here was indistinguishable from the strain isolated from the pig in 1992. The serotype 4/O:3 strain isolated from the patient described here was indistinguishable from the strain isolated from the pig in 1992.

The serotype 4/O:3 strain isolated from the patient described here was indistinguishable from the strain isolated from the pig in 1992. The serotype 4/O:3 strain isolated from the patient described here was indistinguishable from the strain isolated from the pig in 1992. The serotype 4/O:3 strain isolated from the patient described here was indistinguishable from the strain isolated from the pig in 1992.

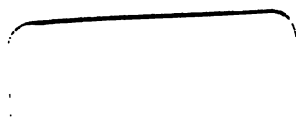
The serotype 4/O:3 strain isolated from the patient described here was indistinguishable from the strain isolated from the pig in 1992. The serotype 4/O:3 strain isolated from the patient described here was indistinguishable from the strain isolated from the pig in 1992. The serotype 4/O:3 strain isolated from the patient described here was indistinguishable from the strain isolated from the pig in 1992.

The serotype 4/O:3 strain isolated from the patient described here was indistinguishable from the strain isolated from the pig in 1992. The serotype 4/O:3 strain isolated from the patient described here was indistinguishable from the strain isolated from the pig in 1992. The serotype 4/O:3 strain isolated from the patient described here was indistinguishable from the strain isolated from the pig in 1992.

The serotype 4/O:3 strain isolated from the patient described here was indistinguishable from the strain isolated from the pig in 1992. The serotype 4/O:3 strain isolated from the patient described here was indistinguishable from the strain isolated from the pig in 1992. The serotype 4/O:3 strain isolated from the patient described here was indistinguishable from the strain isolated from the pig in 1992.

3809

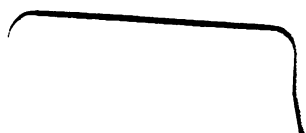
21.





3809

f 21.



ELEMENTS OF ELOCUTION

AND

CORRECT READING.



THE  
ELEMENTS OF ELOCUTION  
AND  
CORRECT READING.

*In Three Parts.*

1. INFLECTIONS OF THE VOICE.
2. EXPRESSION OF SENTIMENT.
3. READING OF SUBJECTS.

WITH  
SUITABLE EXERCISES  
FOR SIMULTANEOUS INSTRUCTION AND INDIVIDUAL  
PRACTICE ;

AND  
AN APPENDIX  
ON THE READING OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

BY THE  
REV. CHARLES RICHSON, M.A.,  
CANON OF MANCHESTER.

LONDON:  
THE DEPOSITORY OF THE NATIONAL SOCIETY,  
SANCTUARY, WESTMINSTER.  
1860.

MANCHESTER: CAVE AND SEVER, PRINTERS. HUNT'S BANK.



## P R E F A C E.

---

**THIS Work makes no pretension to supply Rules and Exercises which will produce the finished Elocutionist; indeed, it has been repeatedly asserted with truth, that no rules or artificial system can be effectual for such a purpose, and that a studied system of Elocution always results in an offensive affectation and mere display.**

**But if assistance cannot supply the place of natural power, it may occasionally render good service, where such power is not entirely wanting; and in the present instance, although rules and directions can never supply either voice, sentiment, or emotion, they may aid in the removal of defects, the explanation of right principles, and the discipline of correct practice.**

**No one will deny that carelessness, monotony, hurry, indistinctness, and want of expression, are inconsistent with good natural reading; nor that such are too commonly the characteristics of school-reading badly taught, and even of the reading of many persons occupying positions wherein correct and expressive enunciation are of great importance. Much has been done already, and many publications issued, to assist in the removal of these defects, but a work still appears to be wanting for elementary schools, clear in the enunciation of its principles, systematic in its arrangement, and generally available from the cheapness of its price. The object of this work is to supply that want.**

## ARTIFICIAL ASSISTANCE.

---

The use of ACCENTS, Hyphens, &c., to indicate the modulations of the voice, is intended to be suggestive only. Such assistance, having no similarity with its object, and no authority or common agreement for its use, is, at the best, indefinite, and liable to convey very different ideas to different persons. But as some means are necessary, in the earliest chapters of a work like the present, to mark the inflections and pauses which the author wishes the pupils to observe, the symbols here adopted have been selected as those most commonly used for the like purpose. At the same time, the teacher who can himself read well, will give his pupils a much better idea of the necessary variation and intonations of voice, by reading the Examples to them. than by allowing them to rely, in any degree, upon the artificial agency which is here introduced.

## NOTES FOR THE TEACHER.

---

1. General Explanations are best given to a class simultaneously.

2. The knowledge of a class is best ascertained by questioning the individuals with judgment and tact.

3. OBSERVATIONS and EXPLANATIONS, in this work, whether as parts or the whole of chapters, are intended to be read by the Teacher to the whole class; and afterwards, to be further explained by him in detail, as he may think necessary. This may be done at the end of one reading lesson, as preparatory to the next.

4. The pupils should study the Observations and Explanations after school hours, or during a period fixed in the time-table for the purpose. They should not be required to commit whole passages to memory; but rather to endeavour to understand them fully, so as to give intelligent answers, when questioned on the subjects.

5. SIMULTANEOUS EXERCISES are to be read aloud, in each case, by the Teacher himself, the whole class following him. The several Examples may then be read aloud by the whole class, following a selected pupil. Finally, they may be read in turn by the members of the class individually.

6. Exercises marked PRACTICE, are for individual reading. The same Example may be read by two or three pupils in succession; errors being corrected, as much as possible, by the pupils themselves. No Example, unless very long, should be divided; but the same pupil, except in part-reading, should read the whole.

7. No new Part should be commenced until that preceding it is properly understood, and can be read fairly.

8. Selections of Poetry and the higher class of Prose writings may follow this work. There are many well-known publications suitable for the purpose; and selections may be made from the best poets and prose writers, whose works entire are now published in many places in a cheap form.



## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
PREFACE .....	iii
Artificial Assistance.....	iv
NOTES FOR THE TEACHER .....	v

---

### Part II.

CHAP. I.—PRELIMINARY DIRECTIONS.....	1
CHAP. II.—THE PRONUNCIATION OF LETTERS .....	2
(1.) Vowel Sounds .....	2
(2.) The letters <i>l, r, s, &amp;c.</i> .....	2
(3.) The Letters <i>c, g, &amp;c.</i> .....	3
(4.) The Aspirate.....	3
(5.) Vulgarisms .....	4
CHAP. III.—ACCENTUATION OF SYLLABLES .....	4
CHAP. IV.—UNDERSTANDING WHAT IS READ.....	6
(1.) Principal Divisions of a Sentence .....	6
(2.) Transposition .....	7
(3.) Adjectives and Adverbs .....	8
(4.) The Context .....	9
CHAP. V.—VARIATIONS OF THE VOICE NATURAL IN READING..	11
Simplicity and Sensitiveness .....	11
Civil Liberty .....	12
Against Idleness, &c. ....	12
Mistaken Gentility .....	12

	PAGE
CHAP. VI.—PUNCTUATION .....	13
CHAP. VII.—SUSTENTATION OF THE VOICE .....	14
CHAP. VIII.—NATURAL PITCH OF THE VOICE .....	16
CHAP. IX.—SUSPENSION OF THE VOICE AND PAUSE .....	17
" There lived a man ".....	<i>J. Montgomery</i> 19
CHAP. X.—INFLECTIONS OF THE VOICE .....	20
Extracts from the " Art of Reading ".....	21
Extracts from Ewing and Scott.....	22
CHAP. XI.—MODULATION, FORCE, EMPHASIS, AND TIME....	23
CHAP. XII.—SERIES AND DISTRIBUTION .....	24
Mother's Love.....	<i>W. Irving</i> 25
Play-place of Youth.....	<i>Couper</i> 25
Epic Poetry.....	<i>Blair</i> 26
Scenes of Childhood .....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 26
Activity of Nature .....	<i>Couper</i> 27
Afflictions in Poverty .....	<i>W. Irving</i> 27
Forbearances of Social Life .....	<i>Dr. Johnson</i> 28
Variety of News .....	<i>Pope</i> 28
The Cid's Funeral.....	<i>F. Hemans</i> 28
Mountain Prospect ..	<i>Pollok</i> 29
A Suppliant's Misery .....	<i>Spenser</i> 29
Death-bed Teaching.....	<i>Pollok</i> 30
CHAP. XIII.—ANTITHESIS .....	30
John Bull.....	<i>W. Irving</i> 33
Homer and Milton compared .....	<i>R. Hall</i> 33
Change of Sentiment.....	<i>Byron</i> 34
Freedom, in its noblest sense .....	<i>Pollok</i> 34
Praise of Virtue .....	<i>Pope</i> 35
The Vanity of Life .....	<i>Shakspeare</i> 36
CHAP. XIV.—INTERROGATION.....	36
Extracts from Demosthenes' Philippics .....	39
Truth .....	<i>Mason</i> 40
British Energy.....	<i>Dyer</i> 41
Virtue remaining after Death .....	<i>Ed. Moore</i> 41
CHAP. XV.—PARENTHESIS .....	42
Privilege of the House of Commons.....	<i>Junius</i> 45
Good Effects of Rational Education .....	<i>Dodd</i> 45
The Mistress of the Dame's School..	<i>H. Kirke White</i> 46
Zetland Isles .....	<i>W. Scott</i> 46
Appeal to British Loyalty .....	<i>Wordsworth</i> 47
Foolish Extravagance in Dress.....	<i>Couper</i> 47
<i>The Storm</i> .....	<i>W. Scott</i> 48

# PARTS I. AND II.

ix

	PAGE
CHAP. XVI.—EXCLAMATION, ECHO, COMMAND, AND APOSTROPHE .....	48
Exclamation, Examples of.....	49
Echo, Examples of .....	50
Command, Examples of .....	50
Apostrophe, Examples of .....	51
Address of Brutus over the Dead Body of Cæsar .....	
<i>Shakspeare</i>	52
The Ocean .....	53
Sir Isaac Newton, as a Christian.....	54
Enterprise .....	54
King Lear in a Storm .. .	55
Pious Trust in Affliction.....	55
CHAP. XVII.—CLIMAX OR AMPLIFICATION.....	55
Cicero against Verres .....	58
Religious Support in Affliction ....	59
Lord Thurlow's Reply to the Duke of Grafton.....	60
CHAP. XVIII.—SUPPLEMENTARY OBSERVATIONS ON EXPLANATORY, INVERTED, AND NEGATIVE CLAUSES, AND QUOTATIONS .....	60
Simple Explanation, Examples of.....	61
Apposition, Examples of.....	62
The Case Absolute, Examples of .....	62
The Simile, Examples of .....	63
Transposition, Examples of .....	64
Negative Clauses, Examples of .....	65
Quotations, Examples of.....	65
A Desert .....	65
Hotspur reading a Letter .....	66
Justice (from <i>Boileau</i> ) .....	66

## Part III.

CHAP. I.—ON THE READING OF POETRY.....	67
CHAP. II.—EMOTIONAL EXPRESSION .....	70
CHAP. III.—PASSIONS, IN WHICH PLEASING EMOTIONS PRE- DOMINATE .....	70
(1.) LOVE—A Son's Love .....	70
A Wife's Love .....	71
Description of Love.....	71
Youthful Love .....	72
A Husband's Love in Sickness.....	72
Love of Birth-place.....	73
Love of Country.....	73

	PAGE
(2.) SYMPATHY—The Superiority of Sympathy	
<i>Akenside</i>	75
Sympathy with a Broken Heart . . . . .	<i>Sterne</i> 75
(3.) HOPE—The unappreciable value of Hope..	<i>Cowper</i> 77
The Anticipations of Hope . . . . .	<i>Campbell</i> 77
The Sustaining Power of Religious Hope	
<i>H. K. White</i>	78
Hope amidst Worldly Pursuits . . . . .	<i>Goldsmith</i> 79
Hope in Death . . . . .	<i>Campbell</i> 79
The Assurance of Hope in Final Judgment	
<i>Milman</i>	80
(4.) JOY—Joy at Recognition . . . . .	<i>Thomson</i> 81
Joy of a Pardoned Offender . . . . .	<i>Cowper</i> 82
Joy at a Father's Return . . . . .	<i>C. Swain</i> 82
Angels Rejoicing at the Saviour's Birth	
<i>R. Montgomery</i>	84
Ecstasy, or Joy in Heavenly Bliss . . . . .	<i>Pope</i> 85
CHAP. IV.—PASSIONS, WITH MENTAL DISTRESS . . . . .	85
(1.) SHAME—Coriolanus ashamed of Public Praise	
<i>Shakspeare</i>	86
Shame of Adam and Eve, after their Fall	
<i>Milton</i>	86
Shame at deserving Public Disgrace..	<i>Dr. Dodd</i> 87
(2.) FEAR—A Tyrant's Fear . . . . .	<i>Knowles</i> 88
Fear of Cruelty . . . . .	<i>Shakspeare</i> 89
Fear of Apparitions . . . . .	<i>W. Scott</i> 89
Juliet's Fear . . . . .	<i>Shakspeare</i> 90
Guilty Fear . . . . .	<i>W. Scott</i> 90
(3.) GRIEF—A Mother's Grief . . . . .	<i>Moultrie</i> 92
A Lover's Grief . . . . .	<i>H. K. White</i> 92
A Widowed Husband's Grief . . . . .	<i>Lyttelton</i> 93
A Convict Husband's Grief . . . . .	<i>Dr. Dodd</i> 94
A Convict Mother's Grief . . . . .	<i>Dale</i> 95
CHAP. V.—PASSIONS, WITH INTENSE EMOTIONS . . . . .	96
(1.) ANGER and RAGE—Adam's Anger against Eve	
<i>Milton</i>	97
Henry the Fifth's Anger against Lord Scroop	
<i>Shakspeare</i>	97
Queen Katharine's Indignation against Wolsey	
<i>Shakspeare</i>	98
Rage of Marmion against Douglas..	<i>W. Scott</i> 99
W. Tell's Rage at being commanded to	
bow to Gesler's cap . . . . .	<i>Knowles</i> 99
Duchess of Gloster's Rage against Richard	
<i>III. . . . . Shakspeare</i>	100

# PART II.

xi

	PAGE
(2.) HATRED and REVENGE—Coriolanus' Hate of the Common People . . . . .	<i>Shakspeare</i> 101
Zanga's Hatred of Alonzo . . . . .	<i>Young</i> 101
Shylock's Hatred of Antonio . . . . .	<i>Shakspeare</i> 102
Brutus' desire to be Revenged on Tarquin Payne . . . . .	103
W. Tell's determination to be Revenged on Gesler . . . . .	<i>Knowles</i> 104
Shylock's Gratification in the expectation of Revenge . . . . .	<i>Shakspeare</i> 105
(3.) REMORSE and DESPAIR—Description of Remorse . . . . .	<i>Earl of Dorset</i> 106
Othello's Remorse . . . . .	<i>Shakspeare</i> 106
A Mother's violent Grief and Despair Shakspeare . . . . .	107
Despair at Separation from a Lover . . . . .	<i>C. Swain</i> 108
Death-bed Despair . . . . .	<i>Young</i> 109
Despair with Madness . . . . .	<i>Shakspeare</i> 109
CHAP. VI.—IMPASSIONED SENTIMENT . . . . .	110
A noble-minded Abhorrence of Slavery . . . . .	<i>Cowper</i> 110
A high regard for Woman's Reputation . . . . .	<i>C. Swain</i> 111
CHAP. VII.—POINT AND WIT . . . . .	111
(1.) EPIGRAM—Wit Described . . . . .	<i>Young</i> 112
An Epigram Described . . . . .	<i>Anon.</i> 112
The Manchester Millers, Bone and Skin Dr. Byrom . . . . .	113
On the Leaves of a well-bound Book . . . . .	<i>Burns</i> 113
"Dum vivimus, vivamus" . . . . .	<i>Dr. Doddridge</i> 113
Robert Bloomfield . . . . .	<i>H. Kirke White</i> 113
Excuse to Charles II. . . . .	<i>Waller</i> 113
Interfering with others' Quarrels . . . . .	<i>Dean Swift</i> 114
(2.) REPARTEE—Dr. Radcliffe and Sir G. Kneller Anon. . . . .	114
Reproof of Vanity . . . . .	<i>Anon.</i> 114
Reproof of Conceit . . . . .	<i>Anon.</i> 115
Miscalculation . . . . .	<i>Anon.</i> 115
Wit and Repartee, under Difficulties . . . . .	<i>Cowper</i> 115
A Severe Retort . . . . .	<i>Anon.</i> 116
(3.) FACETIE . . . . .	116
Humorous Caricature of Popular Valor and Oratory . . . . .	<i>W. Irving</i> 117
Amusement of Jaques . . . . .	<i>Shakspeare</i> 117
Humorous Illustrations of Artifice and Honesty . . . . .	<i>Peter Pindar</i> 118

	PAGE
(4.) <b>IBONY, SATIRE, and SARCASM</b> .....	120
Satire Ineffectual when Inapplicable	
<i>Shakspeare</i>	120
Satirical description of a Nobleman... <i>Dryden</i>	121
Satire on Ignorant Patrons and Parasitical	
Authors..... <i>Pope</i>	121
Hotspur's Satirical description of a Fop	
<i>Shakspeare</i>	122
Cassius' Sarcastic and Ironical description	
of Cæsar..... <i>Shakspeare</i>	123
Ironical description of Infidelity.... <i>Erskine</i>	124
Ironical Condemnation of British Rule in	
India..... <i>Sheridan</i>	125
(5.) <b>ANECDOTE</b> —Anecdote of R. Hall against	
deceiving Children..... <i>Dr. Gregory</i>	126
Anecdote of Abernethy..... <i>S. Smiles</i>	126
Anecdotes illustrative of Friendship.. <i>Cowper</i>	127

### Part III.

<b>CHAP. I.—OBJECT OF THE EXERCISES IN PART III</b> .....	129
<b>CHAP. II.—READING ALOUD, RECITING, AND GESTURE</b> ....	129
<b>CHAP. III.—DIDACTIC PIECES</b> .....	130
On the Law of Gravitation..... <i>Profes. Airy</i>	131
Hamlet's directions for a Correct Delivery.. <i>Shakspeare</i>	132
<b>CHAP. IV.—SIMPLE NARRATION AND DESCRIPTION</b> .....	133
A Family of Rank described..... <i>W. Irving</i>	133
The Village Schoolmaster described .... <i>Goldsmith</i>	134
<b>EMOTIONAL NARRATION AND DESCRIPTION</b> .....	135
Description of the Fight between Fitz-James and	
Roderick Dhu..... <i>W. Scott</i>	135
Description of a Warrior Dying..... <i>Dr. Croly</i>	137
Clarence's Dream..... <i>Shakspeare</i>	137
<b>CHAP. V.—ARGUMENT</b> .....	138
Natural appetency for Rectitude..... <i>Dr. Chalmers</i>	138
The Existence of Angels..... <i>Bp. Bull</i>	139
Against Tyrannical use of Power..... <i>Sheridan</i>	141
<b>CHAP. VI.—REQUEST AND SUPPLICATION</b> .....	142
Invitation to Companionship..... <i>Logan</i>	142
Asking a Favour..... <i>Shakspeare</i>	143
Importunity..... <i>Shakspeare</i>	143
The Athenian Senate requesting Timon's Return	
<i>Shakspeare</i>	143

# PART III. AND APPENDIX.

xiii

	PAGE
A Mother's Supplication in behalf of her Child	
<i>C. Swain</i>	144
Extract from an Election Speech ....	<i>H. Brougham</i> 145
Impassioned Appeal on the Reform Bill	
<i>Lord Brougham</i>	145
Calm and earnest Supplication .....	<i>Young</i> 146
A Poet's Prayer.....	<i>Pollok</i> 146
CHAP. VII.—ORATIONS AND OTHER POPULAR ADDRESSES....	147
Condemnation of Agencies in American War..	<i>Chatham</i> 147
Anthony's Address over Cæsar's Body....	<i>Shakspeare</i> 149
Panegyric of Pompey .....	<i>Cicero</i> 151
CHAP. VIII.—SOLILOQUY.....	152
Falstaff's Soliloquy on Honour .....	<i>Shakspeare</i> 152
Douglas's Reflections on his Noble Origin....	<i>Home</i> 153
Hamlet's Soliloquy on Death .....	<i>Shakspeare</i> 153
Wolsey's Soliloquy on the cause of his Disgrace	
<i>Shakspeare</i>	154
CHAP. IX.—PART READING.....	155
(1.) CONTINUOUS DIALOGUE—Interview between	
Danton and Robespierre.....	<i>Mignet</i> 156
The Three Warnings .....	<i>Mrs. Thrale</i> 157
(2.) CONVERSATIONS IN POETRY—Lord Bathurst and	
Mr. Pope .....	<i>Pope</i> 159
(3.) DRAMATIC PIECES.—Repartee—Don Armado and	
Moth .....	<i>Shakspeare</i> 161
Violent and Contending Emotions—Tubal and	
Shylock .....	<i>Shakspeare</i> 162
Painful Anticipation of Banishment—Friar	
and Romeo.....	<i>Shakspeare</i> 163
Noble Sentiments—Cato, Sempronius, Lucius,	
and Juba .....	<i>Addison</i> 165

## APPENDIX.

CHAP. I.—GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE READING OF THE	
HOLY SCRIPTURES.....	169
CHAP. II.—PUNCTUATION AND PAUSES .....	170
(1.) Improper Division of Chapters .....	171
(2.) Periods in the place of Minor Stops .....	173
(3.) Verses wherein the Full Terminal Pause is	
prejudicial to the Sense .....	174

	PAGE
CHAP. III.—FIGURES OF SPEECH .....	178
(1.) Series.....	178
(2.) Antithesis .....	178
(3.) Interrogation.....	179
(4.) Parenthesis .....	181
(5.) Exclamation .....	181
(6.) Climax .....	182
(7.) Apostrophe and Personification .....	183
(8.) Irony .....	184
CHAP. IV.—EMOTIONAL SUBJECTS .....	184
CHAP. V.—PATHOS OF SHORT PASSAGES ....	188
CHAP. VI.—ILLUSTRATIVE AND PART READING.....	189
CHAP. VII.—DIVISIONAL DISTINCTIONS .....	191

# ELEMENTS OF ELOCUTION,

ETC.

---

## Part I.

### ON THE INFLECTIONS OF THE VOICE.

#### I.—*Preliminary Directions.*

1. Avoid provincialisms, and all vulgarity and peculiarity of voice and expression.

2. Equally avoid a drawling, hurried, or rapid style of reading; \* also laying stress on unimportant words; and everything approaching what is termed “mouthing” or “spouting” in reading.

3. Shun all kinds of affectation; and all pompousness of manner.

4. Use your natural or ordinary voice; remembering that to read well is to read naturally.

5. Read with careful articulation, distinctly and deliberately; so that every word may be properly heard.

6. Take your breath at pauses, silently.

7. Carefully avoid stress on little, unimportant words; as articles, prepositions, and copulatives.

8. **SIMULTANEOUS EXERCISES** *must be read standing*; but at all times, to read well, you must sit or stand easily, and must shew, in your position, a proper sympathy between body and mind.

\* To avoid the multiplication of terms, it must be understood that where the word “reading” is used in this work, reciting and speaking are generally included.

## II.—The Pronunciation of Letters.

A dissertation on the powers of letters would here be out of place; but the attention of the pupils may be properly directed to this subject, and further investigation encouraged, by the following remarks and illustrations:—

### (1.) Vowel Sounds.

Each of the vowels has different sounds, arising from the elongation or otherwise of its pronunciation. This requires, in reading, to be clearly marked.

Vowels.	No. of Sounds.	Simultaneous Exercises.*			
		1	2	3	4
a	(4)	an	all	art	ace
e	(3)	bed	there	eve	
i	(2)	it	ire		
o	(3)	not	to	no	
oo	(2)	good	pool		
u	(3)	up	truth	unit	
y	(3)	yawn	pony	buy	

NOTE.—*A passage may be selected in any reading book, for the pupils to find words in which vowels of various lengths occur.*

### (2.) The Letters *l, r, s, &c.*

The pronunciation of *l, r, s, w,* and *v,* requires care; as sometimes from bad habit or defective utterance they are pronounced incorrectly.

¶ Let the pupils be exercised in repeating the following words, and others of a similar character which may be selected:—

#### SIMULTANEOUS EXERCISES.\*

Land, lily, lisp, lull, lazily, libel, lowlily.

Rare, roar, rere, real, roller, retort, retract, royal.

Sir, sands, sap, seals, sheaf, smelter, sleekness, submissiveness.

\* All the exercises in this chapter, marked with an asterisk, must be repeated individually also.

Veal, weal; wine, vine; van, wan; west, vest; vigor, vitriol; witness, waveless.

The verdant west now wears again its varied hues.

(3.) The Letters *c, g, &c.*

The letters *c, g, j,* and *k*, before a vowel, are sometimes pronounced in such manner that they sound only as *d* or *t*. This generally arises from misplacing the tongue, and requires the teacher's careful attention.

It is found useful, in some cases, to write the word in which the mispronunciation occurs, upon a black board in two forms; first, correctly; and secondly, as pronounced; and then requiring the pupil to pronounce both, and to point out the correct example.

SIMULTANEOUS EXERCISES.\*

Call, cares, cake, city, company, cellar.

Gay, guess, gone, gate-keeper, genteel.

Jay, James, John, joiner, jelly, joist.

Kiss, keep, kind, kangaroo, kilt, koran.

*Other examples may be selected.*

(4.) The Aspirate.

The aspirate *h* should be indicated in a moderate but perceptible manner.

Following the letters, *c, s, t,* or *w*, it sometimes occasions a difficulty of pronunciation, which the teacher must endeavour to correct.

*H* is silent at the beginning of the words—heir, honest, honour, hospital, hour, humble, humour; and words derived from them.

*O* before *h* is usually soft, sounding as *tc*. The exceptions are few and easily learned.

SIMULTANEOUS EXERCISES \* on the Aspirate.

Here, hear; † (ear, year;) heel, heal; ho, hoe; hire, higher; herd, heard; hart, heart; hail, hale; hare, hair.

+ Let the pupils explain the meaning of the words here brought together.

EXERCISES ON *c, s, t,* and *w,* before *h.*

Chalk, chalice, \* *chaos*, char, *character*, charcoal, cheerfulness, *christmas*, *choler*, choice, church, *chrysalis*, cherish.

Shrill, sheath, shrink, shrove, sheaves, shapelessness.

Their, there; the, thee; through, threw; thy, thigh; thronging, thwarted, thrill, thatcher.

Wheat, wheel, whiggish, whistle, whisper, whig, wheeze, wholesome, whirled.

## (5.) Vulgarisms.

It is scarcely necessary to caution the teacher against passing unnoticed such vulgarisms as the following;—that is, substituting

*er* for *ow*,—as, feller for fellow; winder for window:

*or* for *aw*,—as, lor for law; sor for saw:

*oi* for *i*,—as, voiolent for violent:

*oi* for *y*,—as, moi for my:

*i* for *u*,—as, edication for education, &c.:

or the use of an aspirate in an improper place,—as hoil for oil; hair for air, &c.

III.—*Accentuation of Syllables.*

Accent is the force with which a syllable is uttered.

Much attention is necessary to ensure the correct accentuation of syllables; as in the absence of such correctness, reading is neither effectual nor agreeable.

Rules for right accentuation are not without use; but correctness will, in general, be best attained, by careful observation and attentive practice.

In the following exercises, and others which may be selected, the pupils should be required to explain on which syllable, numerically, the accent is placed.

The exercises may be usefully put in two forms; first, reckoning the syllables from the beginning; as—

\* *Ch* in italics are hard (like *k*).

*first, second, third*; and secondly, counting them from the end; as—*last, penultimate* (last but one), *antepenultimate* (last but two).

#### SIMULTANEOUS EXERCISES,

*Marking the accented syllables with special stress.*

Vis'ibly, domes'ticated, recollect'ing, recombina'tion, imprint'.

Sufferance, occa'sionally, entertain'ment, sensual-i'zing, dragoon'.

Ap'petite, compla'cently, inexhaus'tible, inexora-bil'ity, misinform'.

Perpendicular'ly, mis'chievous, ter'tiate, lu'crative, extraor'dinary, sus'tenance, suffic'ient, human'ity, satisfac'tion, incorrect', testamenta'tion.

[Let the pupils now go through the exercises individually; explaining on which syllable the accent is placed, other examples being also selected.]

---

The necessity of attending to proper accentuation is shown in the following instances, where the words differ in meaning as they are differently accented.

#### SIMULTANEOUS EXERCISES.

Every min'ute his inquiries became more minute'.

He collect's the col'lects from various sources.

He would accent' that syllable with the circumflex ac'cent.

In the court of record', he keeps the rec'ords.

Who dare rebel', when a reb'el is so severely punished?

They may contest' the election, but they must pay for the con'test.

[The pupils should read the same sentences individually, and explain the meaning of the differently accented words.]

#### IV.—*Understanding what is Read.*

It is generally considered that to read music correctly at sight, requires great proficiency or uncommon talent; and yet it is not unfrequently expected of a youth that he should read at sight, selections from the sublimest poetry, which is scarcely less difficult.

A reading lesson, therefore, should always be prescribed such time before, as will give the pupil an opportunity of considering it carefully; in order to understand the scope and object of the author.

In connexion with such arrangements, it will be useful for the teacher to devote a fixed portion of time to assist his pupils in understanding the passages they are afterwards to read. This, although involving a little labour, will not only promote its direct object, but, as an intellectual exercise, will be abundantly repaid, in the increasing aptness of the pupils to make progress in other studies.

The following are a few suggestions as to the kind of exercises useful for this purpose:—

##### (1.) *Principal Divisions.*

Let suitable passages be selected, which allow of being separated into—first, the subject, or nominative; secondly, the predicate, or verb; and thirdly, the object, or that which is affected by the predicate. The divisions may be marked by lines, thus—

<i>Subject.</i>	<i>Predicate.</i>	<i>Object.</i>
A conceited scholar	despises	good old Saxon.

After this manner, the pupils should be required to divide the various examples selected; writing them on their slates; and after such division, the teacher should question them as to—1. Who or what is the subject? 2. What is predicated of this person, or thing? or in other words, what is he said to do? 3. What is the object, whether person or thing, affected in this manner?

The teacher may then usefully draw attention to the

particular points in the sentence. For instance, in the above, he may remark that it is not "every scholar that despises good old Saxon," but only the "conceited" one; and hence he can show, that in order to convey the author's meaning, it will be necessary, in reading, to lay some stress on the word "conceited."

In like manner in the following, and other examples which he can select, he may inquire where a similar stress should be laid.

#### INDIVIDUAL PRACTICE.

New objects and pursuits require new expressions and modes of speech.

A little infusion of the spirit of forbearance would render him a better member of society.

Good sense and integrity will not make good manners unnecessary.

A becoming sincerity will always produce a becoming assurance.

#### (2.) Transposition.

The meaning of involved sentences may be perceived by arranging the transposed words in their natural order; and such examples as the following may be written out, thus—

#### *Example.*

"Whether in crowds or solitudes, in streets  
 "Or shady groves, dwells Happiness, it seems  
 "In vain to ask."

#### *The same re-arranged.*

It seems in vain to ask, whether Happiness dwells in crowds or solitudes, in streets or shady groves.

#### EXAMPLES,

*To be re-arranged by the pupils, as the above.*

1. His sacred head a radiant zodiac crowned.
2. Ask not how pride in one created pure  
 Could grow; or sin, without example, spring  
 Where holiness alone was sown.

3. Achilles' wrath, to Greece the direful spring  
Of woes unnumbered, heavenly goddess, sing!
4. Away hath pass'd the heather-bell  
That bloom'd so rich on Needpath-fell.
5. The bending hermit here a prayer begun,—  
"Lord! as in heaven, on earth Thy will be done."
6. Ye barons, to the sun unfold  
Our cross with crimson wove and gold.
7. At early dawn the youth his journey took,  
And many a mountain passed and valley wide.
8. ——— He bursts upon them all;—  
Bursts as a wave that from the cloud impends,  
And swell'd with tempests, on the ship descends;  
White are the decks with foam.
9. The king has cured me;—and, from these shoulders,  
These ruined pillars, out of pity taken  
A load would sink a navy, too much honour.
10. ——— Who would lose,  
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,  
To perish utterly?
11. His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,  
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,  
With every plant, in sign of worship, wave.
12. Such health and gaiety of heart enjoy  
The houseless rovers of the sylvan world;  
And breathing wholesome air, and wandering much,  
Need other physic none, to heal th' effects  
Of loathsome diet, penury, and cold.
13. Within the hollow circle of a crown,  
Keeps Death his court.

(3.) Adjectives and Adverbs.

ADJECTIVES and ADVERBS are frequently introduced not merely as expletives, but to give special force to other words in a sentence; and as they require in such

cases to be read with special attention, the motive for introducing them must be duly considered, in order to understand and express the author's meaning.

Let the following passages be written out by the pupils, omitting the adjectives and adverbs marked in *italics*. When this is done, let the passage, as printed, be first read; and afterwards the passage as written out. The significance and expressiveness of such parts of speech will then appear, and the necessity of attention in reading them be also obvious :—

#### EXAMPLES.

*Very minute* beginnings have sometimes *important* consequences.

Scenes of *domestic* felicity are *beautifully* painted by the poet.

It is hardly known to the world *outside*, that in the schools of the *Royal Academy*, *almost all* the *rising* artists of the country receive a *free* education in art.

The batteries were *speedily* silenced; and the *victorious* flotilla *slowly* retired.

The sense which the Government of 1692 entertained of the services of the navy, was *promptly*, *judiciously*, and *gracefully* manifested.

I have seen many monuments, *where art has exhausted its powers*\* to awaken the sympathy of the spectator; but I have met with none that spoke more *touchingly* to my heart, than this *simple but delicate* memento of *departed* innocence.

#### (4.) Context.

The connexion of a passage with the context, either going before, or following after it, generally requires to be considered, in order to understand its intended

\* The omission of this sentence will show that the remarks made on adjectives and adverbs will apply also to expletive passages.

meaning. Thus, if I say—"I must send James on an errand immediately. can you ride to town with him to-day?" there is no doubt that my intention is to ask—"Are you able, or have you leisure to ride to town with him to-day?" but if I take the inquiry in a separate or isolated sense, irrespective of the context, I may use it with any of the following significations:—

1. Can you ride to town with him to-day? that is, are you able to do so?
2. Can you ride to town with him to-day? or, shall some one else?
3. Can you ride to town with him to-day? or, will you walk?
4. Can you ride to town with him to-day? or, are you going into the country?
5. Can you ride to town with him to-day? or, with some one else? or alone?
6. Can you ride to town with him to-day? that is, after what has occurred?
7. Can you ride to town with him to-day? or, to-morrow?

And a still greater variety may be obtained by combining the words, as in No. 6, and emphasizing the prepositions.

#### EXAMPLES.

Let the pupils write out the following sentences in all the varieties of signification of which they are capable, as above; connecting them with any imaginary context to fix their meaning:—

1. I will send him.
2. You can rely on my faithfulness.
3. Did I ever deceive you?
4. How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?

V.—*Variations of the Voice natural in Reading.*

Every person is aware that the voice is capable of great variations; and that very different tones are used to express gratitude for kindness,—entreaty for forbearance,—displeasure at untruth,—indignation at insult,—endearance to parents, &c.

To teach a youth to read well, it is necessary, as a preliminary step, to point out to him that nature itself requires these variations; and that he cannot read naturally, unless the variations of his voice accord with the subject.

The following passages so evidently require to be read in different tones and modulations of voice, that the teacher will have no difficulty in explaining to the pupils reading them, the importance of the remarks just made:—

EXAMPLES.

[Each subject to be read throughout by one of the advanced pupils selected for the purpose.]

1. *Simplicity and Sensitiveness.*

(To be read feelingly.)

“What makes you sad, Eva? My dear child, you are too sensitive.”

“Papa, is there no way to have all slaves made free?”

“That’s a difficult question, dearest. I heartily wish that there was not a slave in the land, but then I don’t know what is to be done about it.”

“Papa, you are such a good man, and so noble, and kind, and you always have a way of saying things that is so pleasant; couldn’t you go all round and try to persuade people to do right about this? When I am dead, papa, then you will think of me, and do it for my sake. I would do it if I could.”

“When you are dead, Eva!” said St. Clare. “Oh, child, don’t talk to me so! you are all I have on earth.”

*Mrs. Stowe.*

2. *Civil Liberty.*

(To be read deliberately.)

To do what we will, is natural liberty : to do what we will, consistently with the interest of the community to which we belong, is civil liberty,—that is to say, the only liberty to be desired in a state of civil society.

The boasted liberty of a state of nature exists only in a state of solitude. In every kind and degree of union and intercourse with his species, it is possible that the liberty of the individual may be augmented by the very laws which restrain it; because he may gain more from the limitation of other men's freedom, than he suffers by the diminution of his own. Natural liberty is the right of a common upon a waste; civil liberty is the safe, exclusive, unmolested enjoyment of a cultivated enclosure.—*Paley.*

3. *Against Idleness and Mischief.*

(To be read with simplicity of tone.)

1. How doth the little busy bee  
Improve each shining hour,  
And gather honey all the day  
From every opening flow'r !
2. How skilfully she builds her cell !  
How neat she spreads her wax !  
And labours hard to store it well  
With the sweet food she makes.
3. In works of labour, or of skill,  
I would be busy too ;  
For Satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do.

*Dr. Watts.*4. *Mistaken Gentility.*

(To be read facetiously.)

The young lady had spent five or six months at a boarding-school in town, where she learned to work

pictures in satin, and paint sheep that might be mistaken for wolves;—to hold up her head, sit straight in her chair, and to think every species of useful acquirement beneath her attention. When she returned home, so completely had she forgotten everything she knew before, that on seeing one of the maids milking a cow, she asked her father, with an air of most enchanting ignorance, “what that odd-looking thing was doing with that queer animal?” The old man shook his head at this; but the mother was delighted at these symptoms of gentility; and so enamoured at her daughter’s accomplishments, that she actually got framed a picture worked in satin by the young lady. It represented the tomb of Romeo and Juliet: Romeo was dressed in an orange-coloured cloak; the amiable Juliet shone in a flame-coloured gown; the head of the “noble county Paris” looked like a chimney-sweep’s brush that had lost its handle; and the cloak of the good friar hung about him as gracefully as the armour of a rhinoceros.—*Washington Irving.*

## VI.—Punctuation.

Stops are generally introduced to express the author’s intention in relation to the precise and grammatical meaning of his writing.

But in reading, which conveys the sense by intonation of voice, and not by grammatical symbols, it is frequently necessary to disregard the stops, which the author has introduced, and substitute pauses where stops would be wholly improper.

It is useful, however, in reading, for the eye readily to perceive the different kinds of stops, as generally affording facilities for drawing the breath. The period or full stop must always be observed.

The subjoined exercises will assist the pupil in marking the difference of stops; but are not intended as prescribing pauses to be observed in practice.

Let the pupil, as he reads the following passages, pause at every stop, mentioning the name, and counting at a *comma* (,), one; a *semicolon* (;), two; a *colon* (:), three; and a *full stop*, four.

#### PRACTICE.\*

1. One of the final causes of our delight in anything that is great may be this: the supreme Author of our being has so formed the soul of man, that nothing but Himself can be its last, adequate, and proper happiness.

2. The following sentences appear to furnish a beautiful exemplification of antithesis properly employed:—

Religion embraces virtue, as it is enjoined by the laws of God; honour, as it is graceful and ornamental to human nature. The religious man fears, the man of honour scorns, to do an ill action. The latter considers vice as something that is beneath him; the other, as something that is offensive to the divine Being;—the one, as what is unbecoming; the other, as what is forbidden

3. Mr. Addison observes—"I have known a hero compared to a *thunderbolt*, a *lion*, and the *sea*; all of them proper metaphors for impetuosity, courage, and force: but, by bad management, it has happened that the thunderbolt has overflowed its banks, the lion has been darted through the skies, and the billows have rolled out of the Lybian desert."

NOTE.—Other examples may be selected from any reading-book; the pupils counting the numbers of the several stops, first aloud, and afterwards mentally.

#### VII.—*Sustentation of the Voice.*

A great defect in reading, and, unfortunately, a very common one, is dropping the voice at the end of a

\* Examples headed "Practice," are *not to be read* by the pupils *simultaneously*, but *individually* only.

sentence; so that the concluding word or words cannot be distinctly heard.

The following lines illustrate the three most common faults:—

1. The ear that heareth the reproof of  
life abideth among *the wise*.

2. The wise in heart shall be called  
*prudent*.

3. Take away the wicked from before  
the king, and his throne shall be estab-  
lished in righte<sup>ousness</sup>.

In the *first* instance, the voice is lowered at the commencement of the concluding member of the sentence, and diminished until it is lost with the last word.

In the *second*, the voice is dropped and lost at the last word.

In the *third*, it is lost at the concluding syllables.

The pupil should be strongly impressed with the importance of being able to keep up his voice to the end of a sentence, so as to read every word and syllable distinctly, and to make the concluding words distinctly heard.

In the following exercises the pupil is to read every word distinctly, and keep up his voice well to the end of the sentence.

The teacher may draw upon the black-board a straight line of uniform thickness, thus—

---

He may then explain that this line indicates the uniform sustentation of the voice (allowance being made for accents), from the beginning to the end of the sentence. In any case where the pupil drops his voice improperly, it may be useful to point him to the uniform thickness of the straight line.

## INDIVIDUAL PRACTICE.

1. Honour thy father and mother, both in word and deed, that their blessing may come upon thee.

2. My son, help thy father in his age, and grieve him not as long as he liveth.

3. Be not hasty in thy tongue, and in thy deeds slack and remiss.

4. My son, gather instruction from thy youth up : so shalt thou find wisdom till thine old age.

5. Be not slow to visit the sick : for that shall make thee to be beloved.

6. Whatsoever thou takest in hand, remember the end, and thou shalt never do amiss.

7. Open not thine heart to every man, lest he requite thee a shrewd turn.

8. Strive not in a matter that concerneth thee not.

9. He that can rule his tongue, shall live without strife.

10. Better is he that hideth his folly, than a man that hideth his wisdom.

11. It is the rudeness of a man to hearken at the door : but a wise man will be grieved with the disgrace.

12. Many have fallen by the edge of the sword : but not so many as have fallen by the tongue.

NOTE.—*As a further exercise, the 12th chapter of PROVERBS may be read.*

VIII.—*The Natural Pitch of the Voice.*

The *natural pitch* of the voice is that particular elevation of sound in which a person naturally and generally speaks, and which is, consequently, most easily sustained.

It is capable of different degrees of *loudness*,\* *force*,

\* The teacher may illustrate this on a note of music; and explain the accordance between the different degrees of *loudness* of the same note, and the like variations of the ordinary *voice*.

and modulation, without essentially affecting its fundamental character; but when a higher pitch than is natural is adopted, it occasions fatigue, and not unfrequently fails of effect.

When too high a pitch is attained, a kind of scream or shriek is produced, and a return to the lower and natural pitch becomes very difficult.

The use of too high a pitch is a common fault, and requires to be carefully guarded against.

Within the natural compass of the voice, the pitch itself may be varied, if the sentiment so require.

It is sometimes convenient, in commencing an address, to use a pitch rather lower than the natural, and rise to it gradually; but this is an exceptional practice, and not to be regarded as a rule.

#### IX.—*Suspension of the Voice, and Pause.*

To be able to sustain the voice to the end of a sentence, and enunciate every word distinctly, has been already shown to be very important; but the power of *sustaining* the voice is not all that is required in good reading.

Pauses are sometimes required in the middle, and even between the members, of a sentence, to give effect to the meaning and sentiment of the writer.

Such pauses (useful also for drawing breath) must be introduced with judgment, and with due regard to proper effect.

They require the voice to be suspended in such manner as to indicate the sense is incomplete; but their length must depend on the nature of the subject.

In ordinary cases, the suspension should be short and slight.

Many rules have been given in relation to pauses; but the exceptions are so numerous, that, probably, it is the best course to be guided only by observation, discretion, and common sense.

The following Exercises will show the necessity of introducing the Pause in its right place :—

EXAMPLES.

(To be read by selected pupils.)

*The Hyphen (-) denotes the SUSPENDING PAUSE.*

I.—Read the examples, as the suspending pauses are marked ; and in the instances intended for comparison, state which of the two appears to convey the author's meaning :—

1. These - emmets how - little they - are in - our eyes !  
We - tread them - to dust, and - a troop of - them dies.

These emmets, - how little - they are, in our eyes !  
We tread them to dust - and - a troop of them dies.

---

2. In works - of labour, - or of - skill, -  
I would be - busy - too ; -  
For Satan - finds some - mis-chief - still -  
For i - dle hands - to do.

In works of labour, - or of skill -  
I - would be busy - too -  
For - Satan finds - some mischief still -  
For idle hands - to do.

---

3. Though - God is not - a hard, he is - an exact Master. His service, though not - a severe, is - a reasonable service.

Though God is not a hard - he is an exact - Master.  
His service - though not severe, - is a reasonable service.

---

II.—Read the following as marked ; and afterwards omit the suspending pauses, and note the difference :—

## INDIVIDUAL PRACTICE.

(The whole class in turn.)

1. It shows, first - that true devotion is rational, and well-founded ; - next, - that it is of the highest importance to every other part of religion and virtue ; - and, lastly - that it is more conducive to our happiness.

2. In the tomb, - the man of business forgets all his favourite schemes, - and discontinues the pursuits of gain.

3. Hitherto - may they go, - but no further.

4. Homer claims our attention as the father, - not only of epic poetry - but, in some measure, of poetry itself.

5. It is not - that I love Cæsar - less - but, Rome - more.

6. Unblemish'd let me live, - or die unknown : -  
O, - grant me honest fame - or grant me none.

7. By foreign hands, - thy dying eyes were closed, -  
By foreign hands, - thy decent limbs composed, -  
By foreign hands, - thy humble grave adorned, -  
By strangers honour'd, - and by strangers mourned.  
A heap of dust alone, - remains of thee ; -  
'Tis all thou art, - and all - the proud shall be.

*Pope.*

8. Help the poor, - for the commandments' sake ; -  
and turn him not away - because of his poverty.

9. Blessed is the man - that doth meditate good things, in wisdom, - and that reasoneth of holy things, by understanding.

10. Once - in the flight of ages past -  
There lived a man ; - and who was he ? -  
Mortal - howe'er thy lot be cast, -  
That man - resembled thee.

He suffered, - but his pangs are o'er ; -  
 Enjoyed, - but his delights are fled ; -  
 Had friends, - his friends are now no more ;  
 And foes, - his foes are dead.

He saw - whatever thou hast seen ; -  
 Encountered - all that troubles thee : -  
 He was - whatever thou hast been ; -  
 He is - what thou shalt be.

*J. Montgomery.*

### X.—*Inflections of the Voice.*

Having learned the utility of the *Suspending Pause*, it is necessary to bear in mind that that pause is not an abrupt stop, but connected with certain modifications or inflections of the voice.

The three conditions of the voice, most commonly applied in good reading, are—

1. *Monotone*,—or, the level, uniform tone of the natural pitch.
2. The *Rising Inflection*,—which ascends above the natural pitch.
3. The *Falling Inflection*,—which falls below the natural pitch.

A correct idea of what is meant by the rising and falling inflection, can be conveyed only by the oral instruction of the teacher. All that can be said here is, that the former is not an abrupt, and, as it were, a sharp-pointed elevation of the voice ; nor the latter a corresponding depression ; but the rising inflection is a graceful, upward modulation of the suspending pause, with very little change of tone ; and the falling inflection an equally graceful and distinct fall.

In all cases, however, the habitual recourse to what is called the throat voice, or the delivery of words from the throat, must be avoided. For a clear enunciation, the sound must proceed from the palate ; when heard *from the throat*, it is deep, thick, and unpliant.

## SIMULTANEOUS EXERCISES.

These exercises are to be read carefully and distinctly by the teacher; the pupils following him simultaneously. The **RIISING INFLECTION** should be accompanied by the upward movement of the teacher's hand; the **FALLING INFLECTION** by the downward movement.

I.—**EXAMPLES**, illustrating the two inflections, selected from "An Introduction to the Art of Reading; published by direction of the Commissioners of National Education, Ireland."

Words or syllables *above the commencing line*, denote the **RIISING INFLECTION**.

Words or syllables *below the commencing line*, denote the **FALLING INFLECTION**.

1. He came to <sup>my</sup> help.
2. The breath of morn <sup>is</sup> sweet.
3. A whip for the <sup>horse</sup>; and a bridle for the <sup>ass</sup>.
4. Pronounce every word clear <sup>ly</sup>, free <sup>ly</sup>, and dis <sup>tinct</sup> <sup>ly</sup>.
5. Is the wind blow <sup>ing</sup>?
6. Were you <sup>told</sup> what <sup>to</sup> do?
7. Who <sup>made</sup> me?
8. Whither <sup>shall</sup> I go?
9. Is it <sup>time</sup> to go?

10. Was the insult to Al<sup>bert</sup>, or Fred<sup>erick</sup>?
11. Is he not rightly named Ja<sup>cob</sup>?
12. The minstrel was infirm and old.
- 

II.—EXAMPLES, showing a more common mode of illustrating the same inflections; selected chiefly from “Ewing’s Principles of Elocution,” and “Scott’s Lessons in Reading and Speaking,” both published by Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh.

The *acute accent* ( ' ) denotes the **ISING INFLECTION**.

The *grave accent* ( ` ) denotes the **FALLING INFLECTION**.

1. Did they act prop<sup>er</sup>ly,—or im<sup>proper</sup>ly?
2. They acted prop<sup>er</sup>ly,—not im<sup>proper</sup>ly.
3. Did he speak distinct<sup>ly</sup>,—or in<sup>distinctly</sup>?
4. He spoke distinct<sup>ly</sup>,—not in<sup>distinctly</sup>.
5. Must we act accord<sup>ing</sup> to the law,—or con<sup>trary</sup> to the law?
6. We must accord<sup>ing</sup> to the law,—not con<sup>trary</sup> to it.
7. Did he go wil<sup>lingly</sup>,—or un<sup>willingly</sup>?
8. He went wil<sup>lingly</sup>,—not un<sup>willingly</sup>.
9. Did he act just<sup>ly</sup>,—or un<sup>justly</sup>?
10. He acted just<sup>ly</sup>,—not un<sup>justly</sup>.
11. Did he do it know<sup>ingly</sup>,—or un<sup>knowingly</sup>?
12. He did it know<sup>ingly</sup>,—not un<sup>knowingly</sup>.

13. Did he say wise'ly,—or wise'ly?
14. He said wise'ly,—not wise'ly.
15. You must not say fa'tal,—but fa tal.
16. You must say fa'tal,—not fa'tal.
17. You must not say i'dol,—but îdol.
18. You must say i'dol,—not îdol.
19. You must not say du'bious,—but du bious.
20. You must say du'bious,—not du'bious.

The preceding exercises may now be used for *Individual Practice*; but the pupils should not proceed to the next chapter until they have acquired a fair knowledge of the present. The Simultaneous Exercises may require to be frequently repeated.

#### XI.—*Modulation, Force, Emphasis, and Time.*

1. *Modulation*, which is an adaptation of the tones of the voice to the special character of the subject, must be natural, in order to be effectual.

2. *Force*, although sometimes another name for loudness, has, for the most part, nearly the same signification as emphasis.

3. *Emphasis*, which may be expressed *forcibly* or *otherwise*, as the subject requires, must be applied with great discretion, or it will become subversive of its proper intention. It is a special stress upon words, to show their connexion and bearing, when separated, or otherwise, to give them that prominent importance, which the author intended.

4. *Time* is commonly an important element in every kind of reading; inasmuch as the length or shortness with which sentences, words, and syllables are pronounced, is generally understood to indicate the calmness, earnestness, or sentiment of the passage.

No particular rules or exercises are here given on the above subjects. It is thought sufficient to offer a few suggestions, which the student, guided by his teacher, may turn to account, for the improvement of his natural powers.

## XII.—*Suspension and Inflection.*

The hyphen (-) denotes a *suspending pause*.

The acute accent (') the *rising inflection*.

The grave accent (`) the *falling inflection*.

### SERIES, OR DISTRIBUTION.

Series, or Distribution, is an enumeration of particulars, all belonging or relating to one subject. The different parts require, in each case, to be noted by a slight pause, with the rising or falling inflection. The rising inflection produces the lighter, softer, and more plaintive effects; and the falling inflection those, which are more serious, decisive, precise, and important.

### SIMULTANEOUS EXERCISES.

1. He that desires to enter behind the scene, which every art has been employed to decorate', - and every passion labours to illuminate'; - and wishes to see life' - stripped of those ornaments, which make it glitter on the stage', - and exposed in its natural meanness', - impotence', and nakedness', - may find all the delusion laid open' in the chamber of disease';—he will there find vanity' - divested' of her robes', - power' - deprived' of her sceptre', - and - hypocrisy' - without' her mask'.

2. The philosopher' - the saint' - or the hero', - the wise' - the good' - or the great' man' - very often lies hid and concealed in a plebeian', - which a proper education' - might have disinterred', and brought to light'.

3. I shall consider honour' with respect to three sorts of men':—First of all', - with respect to those who have a right' notion' of it;—secondly', - with regard to those who have a mistaken' notion' of it;—and,

thirdly', - with regard to those who treat it as chimerical' - and turn it into ridicule'.

4. Complaisance renders a superior' amiable', - an equal' agreeable', - and an inferior' acceptable'.

5. To be wise in our own eyes', - to be wise in the opinion of the world', and to be wise in the sight' of our Creator', - are three things so very different' - as rarely to coincide'.

6. Be thou an example' of the believers' - in word', - in conversation', - in charity', - in spirit', - in faith', - in purity'.

7. There is an enduring tenderness' in the love of a mother' to a son' that transcends all other affections of the heart'. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness', - nor daunted by danger', - nor weakened by worthlessness', - nor stifled by ingratitude'. She will sacrifice every comfort' to his convenience'; - she will surrender every pleasure' to his enjoyment'; - she will glory in his fame', - and exult in his prosperity'. If misfortune' overtake him, he will be the dearer' to her from his misfortunes'; - and if disgrace' settle upon his name', - she will still love' and cherish' him, in spite of his disgrace'; - and if all the world' beside' cast' him off', - she will be all' the world' to him'.—*Washington Irving*.

8. Be it a weakness', - it deserves our praise', -  
 We love the play-place' of our early days'; -  
 The scene is touching', - and the heart is stone', -  
 That feels not at that sight' - and feels at none'.  
 The wall' - on which we tried our growing skill', -  
 The very name' we carved', - subsisting still'; -  
 The beach' - on which we sat', - while deep employ'd', -  
 Though mangled', - hack'd', - and - hew'd', not yet  
 destroyed'.  
 The little ones' - unbuttoned', - glowing hot', -  
 Playing our games', - and on the very spot'; -  
 As happy' as we once', - to kneel' and draw'  
 The chalky ring', - and knuckle down at taw'; -

To pitch the ball - into the grounded hat', -  
 Or drive it devious' - with a dextrous pat'; -  
 The pleasing spectacle' - at once excites'  
 Such recollection' of our own delights', -  
 That, - viewing' it - we seem - almost to obtain'  
 Our innocent', - sweet', - simple' years again'.  
 This fond attachment' to the well-known place', -  
 Whence first we started' into life's long race', -  
 Maintains its hold' with such unfailing' sway, -  
 We feel' it - even in age' - and - at our latest' day'.

*Cowper.*

PRACTICE.\*

*In the following EXAMPLES, the place of the Pause is denoted by a small blank space.*

1. High virtue' is the object which all mankind are formed to admire'; and therefore, epic poems are' and must be' favourable' to the cause of virtue' In such poems', valour', truth', justice', fidelity', friendship', piety', magnanimity' are the objects which are presented to our minds', under the most splendid' and honourable colours'. In behalf of virtuous personages', our affections' are engaged'; in their designs', and their distresses', we are interested'; the generous and public affections are awakened'; the mind is purified' from sensual' and mean' pursuits', and becomes, as it were, accustomed to take part' in great and heroic enterprises'.—*Blair.*

2. How dear to this heart' are the scenes of my childhood',

When fond recollection' presents them to view';  
 The orchard', the meadow', the deep-tangled wild wood',

And every lov'd spot' that my infancy' knew';

\* Understand *Individual Practice*;—the preceding examples should be used for the same purpose also.

The wide-spreading pond', and the mill' which stood  
 by it',  
 The bridge', and the rock' where the cataract'  
 fell';  
 The cot of my father', and the dairy-house' nigh it',  
 And e'en the rude bucket' that hung in the well'.

*Woodworth.*

3. By ceaseless action' all that is' subsists':  
 Constant rotation of the unwearied wheel',  
 That nature' rides upon'; maintains her health',  
 Her beauty', her fertility'. She dreads  
 An instant's pause', and lives' but while she moves'.  
 Its own revolency' upholds' the world'.  
 Winds' from all quarters agitate' the air',  
 And fit the limpid element for use',  
 Else noxious': oceans', rivers', lakes', and  
 streams',  
 All feel the fresh'ning impulse', and are cleansed'  
 By restless undulation': e'en the oak'  
 Thrives' by the rude concussion' of the storm'.

*Cowper.*

#### UNMARKED EXERCISES.

##### 4. *Afflictions in Poverty.*

The glowing minds of the young soon close above the wound of sorrow; their elastic spirits soon rise above the pressure; their green and subtle affections soon twine round new objects. But the sorrows of the poor, who have no outward appliances to sooth; the sorrows of the aged, with whom life at best is but a wintry day, and who can look for no after-growth of joy; the sorrows of a widow, aged, solitary, destitute, mourning over an only son, the last solace of her years;—these are indeed sorrows, which make us feel the impotency of consolation.—*Washington Irving.*

### 5. *The Forbearances of Social Life.*

If we would have the kindness of others, we must endure their follies. He who cannot persuade himself to withdraw from society, must be content to pay a tribute of his time to a multitude of tyrants:—to the loiterer, who makes appointments he never keeps; to the consulter, who asks advice which he never takes; to the boaster, who blusters only to be praised; to the complainer, who whines only to be pitied; to the projector, whose happiness is to entertain his friends with expectations, which all but himself know to be vain; to the economist, who tells of bargains and settlements; to the politician, who predicts the consequence of deaths, battles, and alliances; to the usurer, who compares the state of the different funds; and to the talker, who talks only because he loves to be talking.—*Dr. Johnson.*

### 6. *Variety of News.*

These various news I heard, of love and strife,  
Of peace and war, health, sickness, death, and life;  
Of loss and gain, of famine and of store,  
Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore,  
Of prodigies, and portents seen in air,  
Of fire and plagues, and stars with blazing hair;  
Of turns of fortune, changes in the state,  
Of falls of favourites, projects of the great,  
Of old mismanagements, taxations new,—  
All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.

*Pope.*

### 7. *The Cid's\* Funeral.*

The Moor had beleaguered Valencia's towers,  
And lances gleamed up through her citron bowers,  
And the tents of the desert had girt her plain,  
And camels were trampling the vines of Spain,  
For the Cid was gone to rest.

\* Don Roderigo Dios de Bivar, conqueror of Valencia from the Moors.

There were men from wilds, where the death-wind  
 sweeps,  
 There were spears from hills, where the lion sleeps,  
 There were bows from sands, where the ostrich runs,  
 For the shrill horn of Afric had called her sons  
 To the battles of the west.

There was arming heard in Valencia's halls,  
 There was vigil kept on the rampart walls ;  
 Stars had not faded, nor clouds turn'd red,  
 When the knights had girded the noble dead,  
 And the burial train moved out.

*Felicia Hemans.*

8. *The Mountain Prospect.*

Pleasant were many scenes, but most to me  
 The solitude of vast extent, untouched  
 By hand of art, where Nature sowed  
 And reap'd her crops ; whose garments were the clouds ;  
 Whose minstrels, brooks ; whose lamps the moon and  
 stars ;  
 Whose organ-choir, the voice of many waters ;  
 Whose banquets, morning dews ; whose heroes, storms ;  
 Whose warriors, mighty winds ; whose lovers, flowers ;  
 Whose orators, the thunderbolts of God ;  
 Whose palaces, the everlasting hills ;  
 Whose ceiling, heaven's unfathomable blue ;  
 And from whose rocky turrets, battled high,  
 Prospect immense spread out on all sides round,—  
 Lost now between the welkin and the main,  
 Now wall'd with hills, that slept above the storm.

*Pollok.*

9. *A Suppliant's Misery.*

Ah ! little knowest thou, that hast not tried,  
 What mis'ry 'tis in suing long to bide ;  
 To lose good days that might be better spent,  
 To waste long nights in pensive discontent,

To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow,  
 To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow,  
 To have thy princess' grace, yet want her peers',  
 To have thy asking, yet wait many years ;  
 To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares,  
 To eat thy bread with comfortless despairs,  
 To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,  
 To spend, to give, to wait, to be undone.

*Spenser.*

10. *Death-bed Teaching.*

"Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die."  
 Much hast thou seen, fair youth, much heard ; but thou  
 Hast never seen a death-bed, never heard  
 A dying groan : men saw it often ;  
 And thus it spoke to him who ghastly lay,  
 And struggled for another breath :—Earth's cup  
 Is poison'd ; her renown, most infamous ;  
 Her gold, seem as it may, is really dust ;  
 Her titles, slanderous names ; her praise, reproach ;  
 Her strength, an idiot's boast ; her wisdom, blind ;  
 Her gain, eternal loss ; her hope, a dream ;  
 Her love, her friendship, enmity with God ;  
 Her promises, a lie ; her laughter, grief ;  
 Her beauty, paint, and rottenness within ;  
 Her all, most utter vanity ; and all  
 Her lovers mad, insane most grievously,  
 And most insane, because they know it not.

*Pollok.*

**XIII.**—*Suspension of the Voice, with Inflections and Emphasis.*

Words in *italics* are emphatic.

**ANTITHESIS.**

Antithesis is the opposition or contrast of subjects, for the purpose of bringing their difference or distinction into stronger light. In reading, the words

or subjects contrasted should be pronounced emphatically; and, in general, the *first* member of the sentence takes the rising inflection, followed by a suspending pause, slightly longer than the ordinary pause; the *second* concludes with the falling inflection.

There are, however, exceptions to this rule; as, when the parts are positive and negative, the positive takes the falling inflection, and the negative the rising; also when, in the same sentence, series of subjects are brought into contrast, the inflection depends on the nature of the subjects; except that the word on which the suspending pause occurs, not being negative, commonly takes the rising inflection.

In commencing the *second* member of the antithesis, the voice should be at the ordinary pitch, or the effect of the contrast will be lost; and in all cases, where the ordinary pitch is used at the commencement, the emphasis requires the voice to assume a slight degree of force before the rising inflection is attained.

#### SIMULTANEOUS EXERCISES.

1. With the *talents* of an *angel*' - man may be a *fool*'.
2. An angry man, who *suppresses* his *passions*' - *thinks*' - worse than he *speaks*';—but an angry man that will *chide*' - *speaks*' worse than he *thinks*'.
3. If you regulate your *desires*' according to the *standard* of *nature*' - you will *never* be *poor*';—if according to the *standard* of *opinion*' - you will *never* be *rich*'.
4. He that is *slow* to *anger*' - is *better* than the *mighty*';—and he that *ruleth* his *spirit*' - than he that *taketh* a *city*'.
5. He that would *write*' - should *read*';—not, that he may *retail* the *observations* of *other men*' - but that, being thus refreshed and replenished' - he may find himself in a condition to *make* and *produce his own*'.
6. What *they* know by *reading*' - *I* know by *action*';—*they* are pleased to *slight* my *mean birth*', - *I despise* their *mean characters*';—*want* of *birth*' and *fortune* is

the objection against *me'*, - want of *personal worth* against *them'*.

7. *Pure love'* - is something so *divine'*, -  
*Description'* - would but make it *less'*;—  
*'Tis what I feel'*, - but *can't define'*:—  
*'Tis what I know'*, - but *can't express'*.
8. If, by your *beard'*, - your *wisdom'* you would show',—  
*Know'* - *goats'* have *beards'*, - and *Plato'* was a *beau'*.
9. All *nature'* - is but *art'* - unknown to thee',  
 All *chance'* - *direction'*, - which thou can'st not see', -  
 All *discord'* - *harmony'* not understood', -  
 All *partial evil'*, - universal *good'*, -  
 And - *spite of pride'*, - in *erring reason's spite'*, -  
 One truth is clear' - whatever *is'* - is *right'*.
10. Ill fares the land', - to hast'ning ills' a *prey'*, -  
 Where *wealth accumulates'*, - and *men decay'*.  
*Princes and lords may flourish'* - or may *fade'*, -  
 A *breath'* can make them', - as a *breath has made'*.  
 But - a bold *peasantry'*, - their country's *pride'*, -  
 When *once destroyed'*, - can *never* be *supplied'*.

#### PRACTICE.

1. I mean to *state'* not *entirely* to *defend'* his conduct'.

His views and sentiments *changed* with his *situation'*. Hardly *serious*, at *first'*, he is *now an enthusiast'*. The *coldest* bodies *warm'* with *opposition'*, the *hardest* sparkle in *collision'*. By *persuading others'*, we *convince ourselves'*. The *passions* are engaged', and create a *maternal affection* in the mind', which *forces* us to *love'* the cause' *for which we suffer'*.

2. A soul as *full of worth'*, as *void of pride'*,  
 Which nothing seeks to *show'*, or needs to *hide'*,  
 Which, nor to *guilt'* nor *fear'* its *caution'* owes,  
 And boasts a *warmth'* which from *no passion flows'*.

3. Thus am I doubly armed'. My death' and life',  
 My bane' and antidote', are both before me'.  
 This', in a moment', brings me to an end';  
 But this' informs me I shall never' die'.  
 The soul', secured in her existence', smiles'  
 At the drawn dagger', and defies its point'.  
 The stars' shall fade' away', the sun' himself'  
 Grow dim with age', and nature' sink in years';  
 But thou shalt flourish' in immortal youth',  
 Unhurt' amid the war of elements',  
 The wreck of matter', and the crush' of worlds'.

---

4. *John Bull.*

John Bull, to all appearance, is a plain, downright, matter-of-fact fellow, with much less of poetry about him than rich prose. There is little of romance in his nature, but a vast deal of strong natural feeling. He excels in humour more than in wit; is jolly rather than gay; melancholy rather than morose; can easily be moved to a sudden tear, or surprised to a broad laugh; but he loathes sentiment, and has no turn for light pleasantry.—*Washington Irving.*

5. *Homer and Milton compared.*

Perhaps few authors have been distinguished by more similar features of character than Homer and Milton. That vastness of thought which fills the imagination, and that sensibility of spirit which renders every circumstance interesting, are qualities of both; but Milton is the more sublime, and Homer the more picturesque. The perusal of Homer inspires us with an ardent sensibility; Milton with the stillness of surprise. The one fills and delights the mind with the confluence of various emotions; the other amazes with the vastness of his ideas. The movements of Milton's mind are steady and progressive; the flights of Homer are more sudden and transitory. In following Milton, we grow familiar with new worlds, we traverse the

immensities of space, wandering in amazement, and finding no bounds; Homer confines the mind to a narrower circle, but that circle he brings nearer to the eye; he fills it with a quicker succession of objects, and makes it the scene of more interesting action.—*R. Hall.*

6. *Change of Sentiment.*

Thus far I've held my undisturb'd career,  
Prepared for rancour, steel'd 'gainst selfish fear;  
This thing of rhyme, I ne'er disdain'd to own:  
Though not obtrusive, yet not quite unknown:  
My voice was heard again, though not so loud;  
My page, though nameless, never disavow'd;  
And though I hope not hence unscathed to go,  
Who conquers me, shall find a stubborn foe.  
The time hath been, when no harsh sound would fall  
From lips which now may seem imbued with gall;  
But now, so callous grown, so changed, since youth  
I've learn'd to think, and sternly speak of truth;  
Learn'd to deride the critic's starch decree,  
And break him on the wheel, he meant for me;  
To spurn the rod a scribbler bids me kiss,  
Nor care if courts and crowds applaud or hiss.

*Byron.*

7. *Freedom, in its noblest sense.*

"He was the freeman, whom the truth made free,"  
Who broke the bands of sin; and for his soul,  
In spite of fools, consulted seriously;  
In spite of fashion, persevered in good;  
In spite of wealth or poverty, upright;  
Who did as Reason, not as Fancy bade;  
Who heard temptation sing, and yet turned not  
Aside: saw Sin bedeck her flowery bed,  
And yet would not go up; felt at his heart  
The sword unsheathed, yet would not sell the truth;  
Who having power, had not the will to hurt;  
Who blushed alike to be, or have a slave;  
Who blushed at nought but sin, feared nought but God;

Who, finally, in strong integrity  
 Of soul, 'midst want, or riches, or disgrace,  
 Uplifted calmly sat, and heard the waves  
 Of stormy folly breaking at his feet ;  
 Now shrill with praise, now hoarse with foul reproach,  
 And both despised sincerely ; seeking this  
 Alone, the approbation of his God,  
 Which still with conscience witnessed to his peace.  
*Pollok.*

*8. Praise of Virtue.*

Know thou this truth, enough for man to know,  
 " Virtue alone is happiness below,"  
 The only point, where human bliss stands still  
 And tastes the good, without the fall to ill ;  
 Where only merit constant pay receives,  
 Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives ;  
 The joy unequall'd, if its end it gain ;  
 And, if it lose, attended with no pain.  
 Without satiety, though e'er so bless'd,  
 And but more relish'd, as the more distress'd ;  
 The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,  
 Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears ;  
 Good, from each object, from each place, acquir'd ;  
 For ever exercised, yet never tired ;  
 Never elated, while one man's oppress'd ;  
 Never dejected, while another's bless'd ;  
 And where no wants, no wishes can remain,  
 Since but to wish more virtue is to gain.  
 See the sole bliss, Heaven could on all bestow,  
 Which, who but feels can taste, but thinks can know ;  
 Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,  
 The bad must miss, the good untaught will find ;  
 Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,  
 But looks through nature up to nature's God ;  
 Pursues that chain which links the immense design,  
 Joins heaven and earth, and mortal and divine ;  
 Sees that no being any bliss can know,  
 But touches some above, and some below ;

Learns, from this union of the rising whole,  
 The first, last purpose of the human soul ;  
 And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,  
 All end—in love of God and love of man.

*Pope.*

9. *The Vanity of Life.*

Reason thus with life ;—  
 If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing  
 That none but fools would keep ; a breath thou art :  
 That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,  
 Hourly afflict : merely, thou art death's fool ;  
 For him thou labourest by thy flight to shun,  
 And yet run'st towards him still : thou art not noble ;  
 For all the accommodations that thou bear'st  
 Are nurs'd by baseness : thou art by no means valiant ;  
 For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork  
 Of a poor worm : thy best of rest is sleep,  
 And that thou oft provokest ; yet grossly fear'st  
 Thy death, which is no more : thou art not thyself ;  
 For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains  
 That issue out of dust : happy thou art not ;  
 For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get ;  
 And what thou hast, forget'st : thou art not certain ;  
 For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,  
 After the moon : if thou art rich, thou art poor ;  
 For like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,  
 Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,  
 And Death unloadeth thee.

*Shakspeare.*

XIV.—*Pause, Inflections of Voice, and Special Emphasis.*

Words in ROMAN CAPITALS are especially emphatic, and to be used with the *rising Inflection*.

INTERROGATION.

Interrogation; in its simplest form, is merely the asking of a question ; but it is frequently used as a

figure of speech, and, in such case, adds great force to eloquence in general, but especially to direct personal appeals.

Interrogation is denoted by the sign (?).

The word on which the main stress of the interrogation is laid, must be read (however placed in the sentence) with marked, but not violent and loud, *Emphasis*.

Questions usually terminate with the suspending pause; and if asked by a *Verb*, with the rising inflection.

Questions commencing with *Pronouns* and *Adverbs*, terminate with the falling inflection.

In a series of questions separated by *or*, the first takes the rising inflection, and the remainder ordinarily the falling inflection.

Here, however, as in other instances, the aim of the reader must be to adapt his voice to the nature of the subject.

Antitheses and Contrasts involved in Interrogations, must be marked as nearly as circumstances allow, as previously described.

An answer to a question returns to the ordinary pitch, and follows the rules already given.

#### SIMULTANEOUS EXERCISES.

1. Shall a good man' feel no indignation' against INJUSTICE and BARBARITY?

2. Have I *no interest* at ALL? Can I be contented with *none*' - but one SEPARATE and DETACHED?

3. Am I not related to the *very* EARTH ITSELF? Are such abilities' made for NO PURPOSE? *Would* he give us talents' that are NOT to be EXERTED? *Would* he give us capacities' that are NEVER to be GRATIFIED?

4. Twenty months are passed', - WHO shall restore them'?

5. When the thoughts are once *disadjusted*' - WHY are they not *always*' in confusion'? How is it - that

they are rallied in a moment? - and - from the *wildest irregularity* - reduced to the most ORDERLY ARRAY?

6. WHO distributes those *pendulous floods* through all the *borders* of the EARTH? To WHOM shall we ascribe the niceness of contrivance, - which *now emits*, - *now restrains* them? - sometimes drives their humid train to ONE PLACE, - sometimes to ANOTHER? - and dispenses them to *this soil* in LARGER - to *that* in *smaller* - COMMUNICATIONS?

7. Was not *her pride* more intolerable than *his LEVITY*? Was not *her rapine* more intolerable than *his PROFUSENESS*?

8. Suppose we should have the fortune to conquer for Stephen - will *victory* teach him MODERATION? will he learn from *security* that regard to our *liberties* which he could not learn from DANGER?

#### PRACTICE.

1. ——— Fret, till your proud heart *break*;  
Go, show your *slaves* how choleric you are, -  
And make your *bondmen* tremble. Must I BUDGE?  
Must I OBSERVE you? must I stand and *crouch*  
Under your TESTY HUMOUR? *Never*, Cassius.

*Shakspeare.*

2. Q. Hold you the watch TO-NIGHT?

A. We do, my lord.

Q. ARM'D say you?

A. Arm'd, my lord.

Q. From *top* to *TOE*?

A. My lord, from *head* to *foot*.

Q. Look'd he FROWNINGLY?

A. A countenance more

In sorrow than in anger.

Q. *Pale* or *RED*?

A. Nay, very pale.

Q. And *FIX'D* his *eyes* upon you?

A. Most constantly.

*Shakspeare.*

3. To purchase *Heaven*', has GOLD the POWER?  
 Can GOLD remove the MORTAL HOUR?  
 In life' can LOVE be bought with GOLD?  
 Are friendships' pleasures' to be SOLD?  
 No', all' that's worth a *wish*', a *thought*', -  
*Fair Virtue*' - gives' unbribed', unbought'.

*Dr. Johnson.*

4. Reft of thy sons', amid' thy foes' forlorn' -  
 Mourn', - widow'd queen', forgotten Sion', mourn'.  
 Is *this*' thy place', sad' city', *this*' thy THRONE  
 Where the wild' desert' rears its *craggy* STONE?  
 While suns unblest'd' their angry lustre fling' -  
 And way-worn pilgrims' seek the *scanty* SPRING?  
 WHERE now thy pomp', which kings with *envy*'  
*viewed*'?  
 WHERE now thy might', which all those kings'  
*subdued*'?

*Bp. Heber.*

5. It must' be so' Plato', thou reason'st' well';  
 Else WHENCE this pleasing' hope', this fond'  
 desire', -  
 This longing' after *immortality*'?  
 Or' WHENCE this secret' dread', and inward'  
 horror'  
 Of falling into *naught*'? WHY shrinks' the soul'  
 Back' on herself', and startles' at *destruction*'?  
 'Tis the Divinity' that stirs' within' us';  
 'Tis Heaven' itself', that points' out' a hereafter',  
 And intimates' Eternity' to man'.

*Addison.*

6. *Extracts from the Philippics of Demosthenes.*

But when, my Countrymen, will you begin to exert  
 your vigour? Do you wait till roused by some dire

event? till forced by some necessity? what, then, are we to think of your present condition? To free men, the disgrace attending on misconduct is, in my opinion, the most urgent necessity. Or say, is it your sole ambition to wander through the public places, each inquiring of the other, "What new advices?" Can anything be more new than that a man of Macedon should conquer the Athenians, and give law to Greece? "Is Philip dead?" "No—but he is sick." Pray, what is it to you whether Philip is sick or not? Supposing he should die, you would raise up another Philip, if you continue thus regardless of your interest.

It is not surely necessary to warn you, that votes alone can be of no consequence. Proceed, then, Athenians, to support your deliberations with vigour. What time so proper for action? what occasion so happy? and when can you hope for such another, if this be neglected? Has not Philip, contrary to all treaties, insulted you in Thrace? Does he not, at this instant, straiten and invade your confederates, whom you have solemnly sworn to protect? Is he not an implacable enemy? a faithless ally?—the usurper of provinces, to which he has no title or pretence?—a stranger, a barbarian, a tyrant?

#### 7. *Truth.*

Attend, ye sons of men; attend and say,  
Does not enough of my refulgent ray  
Break through the veil of your mortality?  
Say, does not reason in this form descry  
Unnumber'd, nameless glories, that surpass  
The angel's floating pomp, the seraph's glowing grace?  
Shall, then, your earth-born daughters vie  
With me? Shall she, whose brightest eye  
But emulates the diamond's blaze,  
Whose cheek, but mocks the peach's bloom,  
Whose breath, the hyacinth's perfume,  
*Whose melting voice, the warbling woodlark's lays,—*

Shall she be deem'd my rival? Shall a form  
 Of elemental dross, of mouldering clay,  
 Vie with these charms imperial? The poor worm  
 Shall prove her contest vain. Life's little day  
 Shall pass, and she is gone; while I appear  
 Flush'd with the bloom of youth, through  
 Heaven's eternal year.

*Mason.*

8. *British Energy.*

No, ye soft sons of Ganges, and of Ind,  
 Ye feebly delicate, life little needs  
 Your feminine toys, nor asks your nerveless arms  
 To cast the strong-flung shuttle, or the spear.  
 Can ye defend your country from the storm  
 Of strong invasion? Can ye want endure,  
 In the besieged fort, with courage firm?  
 Can ye the weather-beaten vessel steer,  
 Climb the tall mast, direct the stubborn helm,  
 Mid wild discordant waves, with steady course?  
 Can ye lead out, to distant colonies,  
 Th' o'erflowings of a people,  
 And arm their breasts with fortitude to try  
 New regions; clime, though barren, yet beyond  
 The baneful power of tyrants? These are deeds  
 To which their hardy labours well prepare  
 The sinewy arm of Albion's sons.

*Dyer.*

9. *Virtue remaining after Death.*

Will the stork, intending rest,  
 On the billow build her nest?  
 Will the bee demand his store  
 From the bleak and bladeless shore?  
 Man alone, intent to stray,  
 Ever turns from wisdom's way;  
 Lays up wealth in foreign land,  
 Sows the sea, and ploughs the sand.

Soon this elemental mass,  
 Soon th' incumb'ring world shall pass,  
 Form be wrapt in wasting fire,  
 Time be spent, and life expire.

Then, ye boasted works of men,  
 Where is your asylum then?  
 Sons of pleasure, sons of care,  
 Tell me, mortals, tell me where?  
 Gone, like traces in the deep,  
 Like a sceptre grasp'd in sleep,  
 Dews, exhaled from morning glades,  
 Melting snows, and gliding shades.

Pass the world, and what's behind?  
 Virtue's gold,—by fire refined;  
 From a universe depraved,  
 From the wreck of nature, saved.

*E. Moore.*

**XV.—*Pause and Inflections, with marked Change of Voice.***

**PARENTHESIS.**

A parenthesis is an explanatory clause, introduced between two members of a sentence. It is usually included between brackets ( ) or [ ]; but when the explanation does not occasion an obvious interruption in the construction, it is sometimes marked only by *commas*.\*

The words constituting the parenthesis must be read generally in a lower tone than that of the separated members; the voice being dropped to about the ordinary pitch in reading the parenthesis, but raised again to that from which it was lowered, as soon as the parenthesis is completed.

In long parentheses, the reading is a little quickened,

\* In the following Exercises, such cases are denoted by *commas* in a larger type.

the monotone predominating, but not so as to exclude proper regard to expression and intonation.

When an explanatory clause is introduced, parenthetically, between a nominative case and the verb, it is usual to mark the commencement and conclusion by a slightly perceptible pause.

#### SIMULTANEOUS EXERCISES.

1. I will restore thy daughter to life' - (said the Eastern sage' - to a prince, who grieved immoderately' for the loss of a beloved child') - provided' - thou can'st engrave' upon her tomb' - the names of three persons', - who have never' mourned'.

2. If envious people' were to ask themselves - whether they would exchange their *entire' situation'* with the persons envied' (I mean their minds' - passions' - notions'; - as well as their persons'; - fortunes' - and dignities') - I presume the self-love', - common to human' nature', - would generally make them prefer' their own' condition'.

3. It is a common conviction' - that the world', - at least this lower' world', - with its various appurtenances', - was intended purely' for man'; - that it is appropriated to him'; - and that he' - (in subordination to God's glory') - is the end' of its creation'.

4. Let us suppose', - that all your plans of avarice' and ambition' are accomplished', - and your most sanguine wishes' - gratified in the fear', - as well as the hatred', - of the people',—can age itself forget' that you are now in the last act of life'? can grey hairs' make folly' venerable'? and is there no' period' to be reserved' for meditation' and retirement'?

5. I am well', - and have been so' - in mind' and body' - (uneasiness on your' account' excepted') - ever since I wrote to you last'.

6. I should recommend to you therefore', - (but after all' - you must judge' for yourself') - to allot the two next years of so young' a boy's scholarship' to writing

and arithmetic; - together with which', - for variety's sake', - and because it is capable of being formed into an amusement', - I would mingle geography'.

7. Peace be to those' - (such peace' as earth' can give')  
Who live in pleasure' - dead' even while they live'.

*Cowper.*

8. But her humility' - is well content'  
With one wild floweret' - (call it not forlorn ) -  
Flower' of the winds', - beneath her bosom' worn' -  
Yet more for love' - than ornament'.

*Wordsworth.*

9. What' - if our numbers' barely could defy'  
The arithmetic of babes',—must foreign hordes', -  
Slaves', - vile' - as ever were befooled by words', -  
Striking through English' breasts' - the anarchy'  
Of Terror', - bear' us to the ground', - and tie'  
Our hands' behind our backs' - with felon' cords'?  
YIELDS everything to discipline of swords'?

*Wordsworth.*

10. Say first', - (for Heaven' hides nothing from thy  
view', -  
Nor' the deep' tract' of hell',) - say first' - what cause'-  
Mov'd our grand parents', in that happy state', -  
Favour'd' of Heaven so highly', - to fall' off'  
From their Creator', - and transgress his will',  
For one restraint', - lords' of the world besides'?  
WHO first' seduced them to that foul' revolt'?

*Milton.*

#### PRACTICE.

[After reading the following mixed Examples, it will be useful to make the pupils point out in them *such* figures of speech as they have learned to distinguish; viz., Enumeration, Antithesis, Interrogation, and Parenthesis. The teacher may in some cases draw their attention to *these* figures by suitable questions.]

1. *Privilege of the House of Commons.*

I am not bound to prove a negative, but I appeal to the English History, when I affirm that, with the exceptions already stated (which yet I might safely relinquish), there is no precedent, from the year 1265 to the death of Queen Elizabeth, of the House of Commons having imprisoned any man (not a member of their house) for contempt or breach of privilege. In the most flagrant cases, and when their acknowledged privileges were most grossly violated, the poor Commons, as they styled themselves, never took the power of punishment into their own hands. They either sought redress by petition to the king, or, what is more remarkable, applied for justice to the House of Lords; and when satisfaction was denied them or delayed, their only remedy was to refuse proceeding with the king's business.—*Junius*.

2. *The Good Effects of Rational Education.*

Tell me, I said to the excellent old man, what particular steps you took in your daughter's early days to lay the foundation of her noble and delightful character. "In care, reproof, correction, and encouragement," he replied, "my wife and myself (as all parents should) resolved to act, and ever acted, in perfect concert. We early taught our child submission to ourselves, assured that otherwise we should be able to teach her nothing. We endeavoured always to understand ourselves, what we wished our child to understand; to be ourselves what we would have her be; to do ourselves what we would have her practice. We were especially careful that with all religious instruction (you know my own sentiments) she should imbibe a spirit of universal candour, goodness, and charity; as far from the wildness of enthusiasm as from the narrowness of superstition and bigotry. We always addressed her understanding, and treated her as a rational creature; we encouraged her inquiries, and used her betimes to

think and to reason. We represented vice in its true colours, which are the most odious, and virtue in her proper form of beauty and loveliness. We were especially diligent to give her a deep sense of truth and integrity; and an abhorrence of all manner of falsehood, fraud, craft, subterfuge, and dissimulation, as base, dishonourable, and highly displeasing to the All-wise; and, convinced of the countless evils which attend the female sex, from their passion for dress and show, we never deceived her into a wrong opinion of herself by gaudy external ornaments; for if we had, how could we have excused ourselves?"—*Dodd*.

3. *The Mistress of the Dame's School.*

Pleas'd with our gay disports, the dame was wont  
To set her wheel before the cottage front,  
And o'er her spectacles would often peer,  
To view our gambols and our boyish geer.  
Still, as she looked, her wheel kept turning round  
With its belov'd monotony of sound.  
When tir'd with play, we'd set us by her side  
(For out of school she never knew to chide)  
And wonder at her skill,—well known to fame,—  
For who could match in spinning with the dame?  
Though we poor wights did wonder much in troth  
How 'twas her spinning manufactured cloth.

*H. Kirke White.*

4. *Zetland Isles.*

In vain,—no Isleman now can use the tongue  
Of the bold Norse, from whom their lineage sprung.  
A race severe,—the isle and ocean lords,  
Loved for its own delight the strife of swords;  
With scornful laugh the mortal pang defied,  
And blest their gods that they in battle died.  
Such were the sires of Zetland's simple race,  
And still the eye may feint resemblance trace  
In the blue eye, tall form, proportion fair,  
The limbs athletic, and the long light hair

(Such was the mien, as Scald or minstrel sings  
Of fair-hair'd Harold, first of Norway's kings);  
But their high deeds to scale these crags confined,  
Their only warfare is with waves and wind.

*Walter Scott.*

5. *Appeal to British Loyalty.*

Come ye,—who, if (which Heaven avert) the land  
Were with herself at strife, would take your stand,  
Like gallant Falkland, by the monarch's side,  
And, like Montrose, make loyalty your pride ;—  
Come ye,—who, not less zealous, might display  
Banners at enmity with regal sway ;  
Come ye—whate'er your creed ;—O waken all,  
Whate'er your temper, at your country's call ;  
Resolving (this a free-born nation can)  
To have one soul, and perish to a man,  
Or save this honoured land from every lord  
But British reason, and the British sword.

*Wordsworth.*

6. *Foolish Extravagance in Dress.*

The rural lass,  
Whom once her virgin modesty and grace,  
Her artless manners, and her neat attire,  
So dignified, that she was hardly less  
Than the fair shepherdess of old romance,  
Is seen no more. The character is chang'd ;  
Her head, adorn'd with lappets pinn'd aloft,  
And ribands streaming gay, superbly rais'd ;  
Her elbows ruffled, and her tottering form  
Ill-propp'd upon French heels ; she might be deem'd  
(But that her basket dangling on her arm  
Interprets her more truly) of a rank  
Too proud for dairy-work, or sale of eggs ;—  
Expect her soon with foot-boy at her heels,  
No longer blushing for her awkward load.

*Cowper.*

7. *The Storm.*

The brooklet rav'd, for on the hills  
 The upland showers had swol'n the rills,  
     And down the torrents came :  
 Mutter'd the distant thunder dread,  
 And frequent o'er the vale was spread  
     A sheet of lightning flame.  
 De Vaux, within his mountain cave  
 (No human step the storm durst brave),  
 To moody meditation gave  
     Each faculty of soul,  
 Till, lull'd by distant sound,  
 And the sad winds that whistled round,  
 Upon his thoughts, in musing drown'd,  
     A broken slumber stole.  
 'Twas then was heard a heavy sound  
     (Sound, strange and fearful there to hear,  
 'Mongst desert hills, where leagues around  
     Dwelt but the gorcock and the deer):  
 And starting from his couch of rock,  
     Again upon his ear it broke.

*Walter Scott.*

**XVI.—*Pause and Inflections, with Modulation of Voice, requiring some degree of Force.***

EXCLAMATION, COMMAND, AND APOSTROPHE.

**I.—*Exclamation*** denotes those emotions of the mind which are commonly connected with surprise or strongly excited feeling.

The sign of Exclamation is (!).

The repetition of a subject in an exclamatory form is usually termed its *Echo*; it not unfrequently gives a kind of exclamatory character to an Interrogation.

Exclamations, expressive of the lighter and more pleasing emotions, are accompanied with the *rising inflection*, and such degree of force as the subject naturally requires.

Echo also takes the rising inflection, and heightens the tone of voice.

Exclamations of the graver and more deeply emotional character, take the *falling inflection*.

II.—*Command*, particularly when expressed with energy, raises the voice, and always requires some degree of force. Generally, the word most strongly emphasized takes the rising inflection; but there are many exceptions to this rule.

III.—*Apostrophe* is either one of the flights of poetry, or an expression of strongly excited feeling. It addresses an absent person as if present, or an inanimate thing as if living. It breaks off, sometimes abruptly, from the direct tenour of the discourse, and when judiciously introduced, gives great effect to eloquence. It is read with such modulation and force of voice, and such pauses and inflections, as the address would require, if spoken to a living person; but always in such manner as to indicate a greater intensity of feeling.

#### SIMULTANEOUS EXERCISES.

##### *Exclamation.*

1. How many clear marks of benevolent intention appear everywhere around us! What a profusion of beauty and ornament is poured forth on the face of nature! What a magnificent spectacle is presented to the view of man! what a variety of objects set before him, to gratify his senses - to employ his understanding, - to entertain his imagination, - to cheer and gladden his heart! Indeed, - the very existence of the universe is a standing memorial of the goodness of the Creator!

2. What a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like God!

- 3 These are Thy' glorious' works', - Parent of good'! -  
 Almighty'! - Thine' this universal frame', -  
 Thus wondrous fair'! - Thyself', - how wondrous' then!  
 Unspeakable'! - who sitt'st' above these heav'ns!  
 To us invisible' - or dimly' seen'  
 In these' thy lowliest works'! - yet these' - declare  
 Thy goodness' - beyond' thought', - and power' -  
 divine'!

*Milton.*

*Echo.*

4. I forbear to descant on those rites', for the celebration of which' - Fashion' nightly convenes these splendid millions' in her most sumptuous temples': - *Rites'* which, when engaged in with due devotion', - absorb' the whole' soul', and call all the passions' into exercise',—except indeed those of love', and peace', and kindness', and goodness'! - *Inspiring Rites'* which stimulate fear', - rouse hope', - kindle zeal', - quicken dulness', - sharpen discernment', - exercise memory', - inflame' curiosity'! *Rites'*, in short, in the due performance of which', all' the energies' and attention' are concentrated' to one' point'!—*H. Moore.*

5. You say', - Sir William', - he has acquired *nothing* but honour in the field'! Is the ordnance *nothing*? Are the blues *nothing*? Is the command of the army, - with all the patronage' annexed to it', - *nothing*? Where he got these *nothings*! - I know not'; - but you', at least, ought to have told us - *when*' he deserved' them!—*Junius.*

*Command.*

6. Come', - put mine armour' on'; - give' me my staff': -  
 Seyton, send' out'. - Come' sir', - despatch'. -  
 Bring the preparation' after me'. -  
 I' will not be afraid' of death' and bane' -  
 Till Birnham' forest' - come' to Dunsinane'.

*Shakespeare.*

7. Open' your gates': - come', - Uncle Exeter, -  
Go you' and enter' Harfleur'; - there remain', -  
And fortify' it strongly' 'gainst the French': -  
Use mercy' to them all'.

*Shakspeare.*

8. Go', - fellow', - go', - return' unto thy lord': -  
Bid him not fear' the separated councils': -  
Tell' him - his fears' are shallow': -  
Go' - bid thy master rise' - and come' to me'.

*Shakspeare.*

*Apostrophe.\**

9. "Hold'! hold'!" - he cried, - "you wound' me! -  
That' is the rock' - on which I split': - I denied his  
name'!" - and then, with vehemence, he exclaimed', -  
"Oh! *Time'!* - *Time'!* - it is fit - thou should'st thus'  
strike' thy' murderer' to the heart'! - How art thou  
fled' for ever'! - A month'! - Oh, for a single' week'!, -  
I ask not for years', - though an age' - were too little' -  
for the much' I have to do'."—*Dr. Young.*

10. Now' - o'er the one-half world', -  
Nature seems dead', - and wicked dreams' abuse  
The curtain'd sleep': - now' - witchcraft' celebrates'  
Pale Hecate's' offering'; - and wither'd' murder'  
(Alarm'd' by his sentinel', - the wolf', -  
Whose howl's' his watch'), - thus' - with stealthy'  
pace'  
Towards' his design'  
Moves' like' a ghost'. - *Thou sound' and firm-set'*  
*Earth',* -  
Hear' not' my steps', - which way they walk', - for  
fear'  
The very stones' - prate' of my whereabouts', -  
And take' the present' horror' from the time', -  
Which now' suits' with' it'.

*Shakspeare.*

\* *The subject apostrophised is denoted by italics.*

11. O, - *ye wild Groves*', - Oh! where' is now' your bloom'?

(The Muse interprets thus the tender thought')

Your flowers', - your verdure', - and your balmy gloom', -

Of late so grateful' in the hour of drought'? -

Why' do the birds', - that song' and rapture' brought

To all your bowers', - their mansions now forsake'?

Ah! - why' has fickle' chance' this ruin' wrought'?

For now the storm' howls' mournful' through the brake',

And the dead' foliage' flies' in many a shapeless' flake'.

Yet' - such' the destiny' of all on earth', -

So' flourishes' and fades' majestic man': -

Fair' as the bud' - his vernal morn' breaks forth',

And fostering gales', awhile the nursling' fan'. -

Oh', smile', *ye Heavens*' serene! - *ye Mildews* wan'!

*Ye blighting' Whirlwinds*', - spare' his balmy' prime', -

Nor lessen' of his life' - the little' span'.—

Borne on the swift', though silent', *wings' of Time*',

Old age' comes' on apace' - to ravage all the clime'.

*Beattie.*

#### PRACTICE.

*In the following Examples, let the pupils, before reading them aloud, point out the FIGURES of speech.*

1. *Address of Brutus over the Dead Body of Cæsar.*

Romans, Countrymen, and Lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have respect to my honour, that ye may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that ye may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of

Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his! If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I lov'd Rome more! Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his valour; and death, for his ambition! Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak;—for him have I offended! Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak;—for him have I offended! Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak;—for him have I offended! I pause for a reply.—*Shakspeare.*

## 2. *The Ocean.*

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!  
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;  
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control  
 Stops with the shore. Upon the watery plain  
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain  
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,  
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,  
 Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form  
 Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,  
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,  
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime  
 Dark heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime;—  
 The image of Eternity!—the throne  
 Of the Invisible! even from out thy slime  
 The monsters of the deep are made; each zone  
 Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone!

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy  
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be  
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy  
 I wanton'd with thy breakers ;—they to me  
 Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea  
 Made them a terror,—'twas a pleasing fear !  
 For I was, as it were, a child of thee,  
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,  
 And laid my hand upon thy wave—as I do here !

*Byron.*

3. *Sir Isaac Newton, as a Christian.*

Newton was a Christian ! Newton, whose mind burst forth from the fetters fastened by nature upon our finite conceptions !—Newton, whose science was truth, and the foundation of whose knowledge of it was philosophy—not those visionary and arrogant presumptions, which too often usurp its name ; but philosophy resting upon the basis of mathematics, which, like figures, cannot lie !—Newton, who carried the line and rule to the utmost barrier of creation, and explored the principles by which all created matter is held together and exists !—  
*Erskine.*

4. *Enterprise.*

But thou, O Goddess ! in thy favourite Isle  
 (Freedom's impregnable redoubt,  
 The wide earth's store-house, fenc'd about  
 With breakers roaring to the gales  
 That stretch a thousand thousand sails),  
 Quicken the slothful, and exalt the vile !—  
 Thy impulse is the life of Fame !—  
 Glad Hope would almost cease to be  
 If torn from thy society !  
 And Love, when worthiest of his name,  
 Is proud to walk on earth with thee !

*Wordsworth.*

5. *King Lear, in a Storm.*

Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks : rage, blow !  
 You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout  
 Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks !  
 You sulph'rous and thought-executing fires,  
 Singe my white head. And thou, all-shaking thunder,  
 Strike flat the thick rotundity o' th' world :  
 Crack nature's mould, all germins spill at once,  
 That make ungrateful man !  
 Rumble thy bellyful, spit fire, spout rain !  
 Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire,—are my daughters !  
 I tax not you, ye elements, with unkindness :  
 I never gave you kingdoms, call'd you children ;  
 You owe me no subscription. Then let fall  
 Your horrible pleasure !—Here I stand, your brave,  
 A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man !  
 But yet I call you servile ministers,  
 That have, with two pernicious daughters, join'd  
 Your high engender'd battles 'gainst a head  
 So old and white as this ! Oh ! oh ! 'tis foul !

*Shakspeare.*

6. *Pious Trust in Affliction.*

Hast thou no Trust ? no Helper ? Go to Him,  
 Thou who art heavy laden and oppressed,  
 Lay at His feet thy fears ! My child, I'm old,—  
 Thy mother's mother hath been long on earth  
 (Heaven take me in its time !)—but never yet  
 Found she the humble truster in her God  
 Forgotten in his need ! Take comfort, daughter :  
 He that directs the blind bird's weary flight,  
 Will light the storm-path of the wandering boy !

*C. Swain.*

XVII.—*Pause, Inflections, and Modulation, with Graduated Force.*

## CLIMAX OR AMPLIFICATION.

Climax or Amplification has its basis in *Enumeration* or *Series* ; but, as a figure, has much greater force in

Rhetoric and Elocution, as its subjects increase successively in importance, and it can be used only in connexion with strong emotional excitement.

In reading, it requires the voice to be gradually raised or energised, as the subjects approach their highest point, or climax. Here, however, *boisterousness of manner* must not be mistaken for *energy of expression*.

The graduated force of voice is denoted by the index figures 1, 2, 3, &c.

#### SIMULTANEOUS EXERCISES.

1. What shall we say', - when a woman' guilty of homicide', - a mother' - of the murder' of her own child', - comprises so many misdeeds in one single crime? - a crime' - in its own nature' - detestible<sup>1</sup>; - in a woman' - prodigious<sup>2</sup>; - in a mother' - incredible<sup>3</sup>. And - perpetrated against one, - whose age' called for compassion<sup>1</sup>; whose near relation' - claimed affection<sup>2</sup>; - and whose innocence' - deserved' the highest favours<sup>3</sup>.

2. But - my lords', - who' is the man', - that - in addition to the disgraces' and mischiefs' of the war', - has dared' to authorize' - and associate' to our arms', - the tomahawk' and the scalping-knife' of the savage<sup>1</sup>?—to call into civilized' alliance', - the wild' and inhuman' inhabitants' of the woods<sup>2</sup>?—to delegate' to the merciless' Indian', - the defence' of disputed' rights<sup>3</sup>?—and to wage the horrors' of his barbarous' war' - against our brethren<sup>4</sup>? My lords, - these enormities' - cry aloud for redress<sup>1</sup> - and punishment<sup>2</sup>.

3. Intemperance' engenders disease<sup>1</sup>, - sloth' produces poverty<sup>2</sup>, - pride' creates disappointment<sup>3</sup>, - and dishonesty' - exposes to shame<sup>4</sup>. The ungoverned' passions' of men' betray them into a thousand' follies<sup>1</sup>; - their follies' into crimes<sup>2</sup>; and their crimes' into misfortunes<sup>3</sup>.

4. Do not hurt yourselves or others by the pursuit of pleasure'. Consult your whole nature'. - Consider'

yourselves - not only as sensitive', - but as rational<sup>1</sup> beings'; - not only as rational', - but social<sup>2</sup>; - not only as social', - but - immortal<sup>3</sup>.

5. You mourn', O Romans', that three' of your armies' have been slaughtered'; - they were slaughtered' by Antony<sup>1</sup>. You lament the loss of your most illustrious citizens'; - they were torn' from you by Antony<sup>2</sup>. The authority' of this order' is deeply wounded'; - it is wounded' by Antony<sup>3</sup>. - In short, - all the calamities' we have ever since beheld' - (and what' calamities' have we not beheld?), - have been entirely' owing' to Antony<sup>4</sup>.—As Helen' was of Troy', - so the bane<sup>1</sup>, the misery<sup>2</sup>, the destruction<sup>3</sup> of this state' - is' - Antony'.

6. Fathers'! Senators of Rome'! the arbiters' of nations'! to you' I fly for refuge' - from the murderous' fury' of Jugurtha'. By your affection' for your children<sup>1</sup>; - by your love' of your country<sup>2</sup>; - by your own virtues<sup>3</sup>; - by the majesty' of the Roman' Commonwealth<sup>4</sup>; - by all that is sacred' - and all that is dear' to you<sup>5</sup> - deliver' a wretched prince' - from undeserved' - and unprovoked' injury'.

7. I'll bear' no more'!

Nor tenderness<sup>1</sup> - nor life<sup>2</sup> - nor liberty<sup>3</sup>, -  
Nothing<sup>4</sup> - shall make' me bear' it!

8. It is a crime' to put a Roman citizen' in bonds<sup>1</sup>; - it is the height of guilt' - to scourge<sup>2</sup> him; - little less than parricide' - to put him to death<sup>3</sup>; - what' name', then, shall I give - to crucifying<sup>4</sup> him!

9. Imperial spoiler'!

Give' me my father<sup>1</sup>; - give' me back my kindred<sup>2</sup>; -  
Give' me the fathers of ten' thousand' orphans<sup>3</sup>; -  
Give me the sons<sup>4</sup> - of whom thy ruthless' sword'  
Has left our widows' childless'. Mine' they were', -  
Both mine', - and ev'ry' Swede's', - whose patriot'  
breast'

Bleeds' in his country's' woundings'. Oh! thou'  
can'st' not'!

## PRACTICE.

*In the following Examples, let all the Figures of Speech be pointed out by the pupils, before reading them ; and let them mention any rules to be observed in the reading.*

## 1. Cicero against Verres.

There is now to be brought upon his trial before you, Fathers, one whose life and actions condemn him in the opinion of all impartial persons,—I mean Caius Verres. I demand justice of you, Fathers, upon the robber of the public treasury,—the oppressor of Asia Minor and Pamphylia,—the invader of the rights and privileges of Romans,—the scourge and curse of Sicily ! The employment he held in Asia Minor and Pamphylia, what did it produce, but the ruin of those countries ? Houses, cities, and temples were robbed by him. What was his conduct in his prætorship here at home ? Let the plundered temples, and public works neglected, that he might embezzle the money for carrying them on, bear witness. How did he discharge the office of a judge ? Let those who suffered by his injustice answer. But his prætorship in Sicily crowns all his works of wickedness, and finishes a lasting monument of his infamy. There, his decisions have broken all law, all precedent, all right. The sums he has, by arbitrary taxes and unheard-of impositions, extorted from the industrious poor, are not to be computed. The most faithful allies of the Commonwealth have been treated as enemies ; Roman citizens have, like slaves, been put to death with tortures ; the most atrocious criminals, for money, have been exempted from deserved punishments ; and men of the most unexceptionable characters, condemned and banished unheard !

I ask now, Verres, what thou hast to advance against this charge ? Wilt thou pretend to deny it ? Wilt thou pretend that anything false, that even anything aggravated, is alleged against thee ? What punishment ought, then, to be inflicted upon a tyrannical and wicked

prætor, who dared, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, to put to the infamous death of crucifixion, that unfortunate and innocent citizen, Publius Gavius Cosanus? There, Fathers, was an innocent Roman citizen publicly mangled with scourging; whilst the only words he uttered, amidst his cruel sufferings, were—"I am a Roman citizen." With these he hoped to defend himself from violence and infamy. But of so little service was this privilege to him, that, while he was thus asserting his citizenship, the order was given for his execution,—his execution upon the cross!

O liberty! O sound, once delightful to every Roman ear! O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship! once sacred! now, trampled upon! But what then! Is it come to this? Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor, who holds his whole power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture with fire and red-hot plates of iron, and at last put to the infamous death of the cross, a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying spectators, nor the majesty of the Roman Commonwealth, restrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monster, who, in confidence of his riches, strikes at the root of liberty, and sets mankind at defiance?

## 2. *Religious Support in Affliction.*

Let us oppose to this awful picture, the life of the good man. Place this man on the stormy seas of misfortune and sorrow; press him with afflictive dispensations of Providence; snatch from his arms the object of his affections; separate him for ever from all he loved and held dear on earth; and leave him isolated and an outcast in the world;—he is calm; he is composed; he is grateful; he weeps,—for human nature is weak,—but he still preserves his composure and resignation. He still looks up to the Giver of all good

with thankfulness and praise, and perseveres with calmness and fortitude in the paths of righteousness.—*H. Kirke White.*

3. *Lord Thurlow's Reply to the Duke of Grafton, who had reproached him with plebeian extraction.*

My Lords, I am amazed ; yes, my Lords, I am amazed at his Grace's speech. The noble Duke cannot look before him, behind him, or on either side of him, without seeing some noble peer, who owes his seat in this House to his successful exertions in the profession to which I belong. Does he not feel that it is as honourable to owe it to these, as to being the accident of an accident ?

No one venerates the peerage more than I do. But, my Lords, I must say that the peerage solicited me, not I the peerage. Nay, more, I can and will say, that, as a peer of Parliament, as Speaker of this right honourable House, as Keeper of the Great Seal, as guardian of his Majesty's conscience, as Lord High Chancellor of England, nay, even in that character alone, in which this noble duke would think it an affront to be considered, but which none can deny me,—*as a man*—I am at this moment as respectable, I beg leave to add, as much respected, as the proudest peer I now look down upon.—*Thurlow.*

### XVIII.—*Supplementary Observations.*

ON EXPLANATORY, INVERTED, AND NEGATIVE CLAUSES, AND QUOTATIONS.

The special object of the preceding lessons has been to show the pupil, that as the elegance and force of written compositions often depend on the proper use of certain figures of speech, and always on a careful arrangement of the words in a sentence, so it is essential, in good reading, to express such figures, and give effect to such arrangement, by suitable modulations of voice.

The pupil may now, therefore, be regarded as having learned that he possesses the power of suspending and inflecting his voice, and of employing it with various modulations, emphases, and degrees of force.

He has also learned that the right application of such powers depends upon the judgment; that *sense* must not be sacrificed to *sound*: that he must understand his subject, in order to express it properly; and that in order to read with effect, he must think, not of his voice, but of the sentiment and purpose of his author.

Many collateral points of instruction have incidentally received attention in the preceding lessons; and among these, such as are the subjects of this chapter; notice of them here, therefore, needs be only brief.

#### I.—EXPLANATORY CLAUSES.

Clauses introduced to explain or illustrate, are generally parenthetical, and must be marked as such in reading. They are commonly introduced under some of the following heads:—

- (1.) *Simple Explanation* (denoted by hyphens).

##### EXERCISES,\*

*In which the pupils must first point out the Explanatory Clauses.*

1. As I never dance cotillions, - holding them to be monstrous distorters of the human frame, and tantamount in their operations to being broken and dislocated on the wheel, - I generally take occasion, - while they are going on, - to make my remarks on the company.

2. If the expulsion of a member, - not under legal disability, - of itself creates in him an incapacity to be elected, I see a ready way marked out, by which the majority in Parliament may, at any time, remove the honestest and ablest men, who happen to be in opposition to them.

3. Not far from this village, - perhaps about three

\* It will probably be unnecessary to continue the **SIMULTANEOUS EXERCISES**, but the teacher must use his own discretion.

miles, - there is a little valley, - or rather, lap of land, among the hills, - which is one of the quietest places in the whole world.

4. I would recommend, to young persons especially, a caution - from the neglect of which many involve themselves in embarrassment and disgrace, - and that is, "never to give a promise, which may interfere in the end with their duty;" for, if it do so interfere, their duty must be discharged, - though at the expense of their promise, - and not unusually of their good name.

(2.) *Subjects in Apposition*; that is, referring to the same person or thing.

The word or clause in *Apposition* must be indicated by a slightly raised pitch; and, generally, by the falling inflection.

#### EXERCISES.

1. I - myself, - also, am a mortal man; - the offspring of him that was first made of earth.

2. And the Lord raised up a merciful man, which found favour in the sight of all flesh - even Moses - whose memorial is blessed; and he exalted Aaron - a holy man, like unto Moses, - even his brother, - of the tribe of Levi.

3. Philip - a freedman of Pompey - and an old Roman soldier, together celebrated the last funeral rites of that distinguished commander.

4. There is Ararat -

That hill - on which the Patriarch's ark first rested.

5. Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,  
That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet -  
King - Father - Royal Dane - oh! answer me.

(3.) *The Case, or Clause, Absolute.*

This is introductory or parenthetical, and generally requires, at the conclusion, a slight suspension of voice, with the rising inflection.

## EXERCISES.

1. Simon entering, - the conversation ceased.
2. Harold being slain, - William had no further impediment to his progress.
3. It is impossible for a man, like myself, - conversing with scenes around him, - not to advert daily to the shortness of his existence.
4. In judging of this extraordinary poem - (Mr. Southey's *Thalabar*), we should consider it as a genuine lyric production; and - carrying this idea along with us - the admirable art of the poet will strike us with tenfold conviction.
5. They now, encircling glad the heav'nly throne,  
And chanting hymns of everlasting praise, -  
Thousands of thousands, thousands infinite,  
With voice of boundless love, answered, Amen.

(4.) *The Simile.*

A very slight pause put before commencing the simile, and again at its conclusion, adds to its effect. The inflections of voice follow the ordinary rules.

## EXERCISES.

1. The music of Carryl - like the memory of joys that are past - was pleasant and mournful to the soul.
2. Charity - like the sun - brightens every object upon which it shines.
3. Thus are my brightest hopes clouded; and indeed to me, even hope itself - like a withered flower - is devoid of hue and fragrance.
4. The citizens are mum, say not a word,  
But, - like dumb statues, or breathless stones, -  
Stare each on other, and look deadly pale.
5. The groans of the people spread over the hill, - like the distant thunder of the night, when the clouds burst on Cona.
6. As leaves of trees - the race of man is found;  
Now green in youth, now with'ring on the ground.

## II.—TRANSPOSITIONS.

The connexion of words inverted or transposed is generally denoted by emphasis.

## EXERCISES.

1. He look'd, and saw what *numbers numberless*  
The city gates out-poured, - light arm'd troops  
In coats of mail and military pride ; -  
In *mail* their *horses* clad, - yet fleet and strong,  
Prancing their *riders* bore, - the flower and choice  
Of many provinces from bound to bound.

*Milton.*

2. We may no *longer* stay : - go, waken Eve ; -  
*Her* also I with *gentle dreams* - have calm'd,  
*Portending good*, - and all her spirits compos'd  
To meek submission : - thou - at season *fit* -  
Let her with *thee* partake what thou hast heard, -  
Chiefly, what may concern her faith to know.

*Milton.*

3. *To Adversity.*

O, gently on thy suppliant's head,  
Dread Goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand !  
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,  
Nor circled with the vengeful band  
(As by the impious thou art seen)  
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,  
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,  
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty :  
Thy form benign, O Goddess ! wear,  
Thy milder influence impart,  
Thy philosophic train be there,  
To soften, not to wound my heart.  
The gen'rous spark extinct revive,  
Teach me to love and to forgive,  
Exact my own defects to scan,  
What others are, to feel, - and know myself a man.

Gray.

## III.—NEGATIVE CLAUSES.

A negative, combined with an affirmative, takes the lower pitch of the voice; and ends with the rising inflection.

## EXAMPLES.

1. Speaking as a man, - I measure the integrity of men by their conduct, not by their professions; by their deeds, not by their words.

2. True charity is not a meteor, which occasionally glares; - but a luminary, which, in its orderly and regular course, dispenses a benignant influence.

3. Before you can expect me to treat you as a friend, or to look upon you otherwise than an enemy, you must show earnestness in the cause of liberty, not lukewarmness; decision, not hesitation; candour, not deceit; coöperation, not impediment.

4. Rewards! Yes! Let there be rewards! But let them be such as the nation will delight to honour. Rewards of virtue, high character, and high attainments. Rewards of merit, not of importunity; of diligence, energy, self-denial, and public service,—not of idleness, indifference, fawning, and parasitical worthlessness.

## IV.—QUOTATIONS.

Words indicating a Quotation, such as—"to quote the words of Johnson," or, "as he said," &c., are parenthetical, and must be read accordingly; but when a quotation is combined with comments or remarks, suitable modifications of the voice are necessary.

## EXERCISES.

1. *A Desert.*

"It is difficult," says Belzoni, "to form an idea of a desert without having seen one. It seems to be an endless plain of sand and stones, sometimes mountains of all sizes and heights, without roads or shelter, without any sort of food;" and "it is impossible," adds

Mr. Bartlett, "to convey any idea of the feeling of utter weariness that grows upon the solitary wanderer, as, day by day, he penetrates into the heart of some great and terrible wilderness"—*Dr. J. Brown.*

### 2. *Reading a Letter.*

"But for my own part, my Lord, I could be well contented to be there in respect to the love I bear your house." - He could be contented to be there; - why is he not there? "In respect to the love he bears our house"! He shows in this he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more:—"The purpose you undertake is dangerous." Why, that is certain: it is dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, that out of this nettle danger, we pluck the flower safety. - "The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the friends you have named uncertain, the time itself ill sorted, and your whole plot too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition." Say you so! say you so! What a lack-brain is this! Why, our plot is as good a plot as ever were laid; our friends true and constant; a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue this is!—*Shakspeare.*

### 3. *Justice.*

Once - says an author - (where, I need not say)  
Two travellers found an oyster in their way;  
Both fierce, both hungry, the dispute grew strong;  
When, scale in hand, dame Justice pass'd along.  
Before her, each with clamour pleads the laws;  
Explain'd the matter, and would win the cause.

Dame Justice, weighing long the doubtful right,  
Takes, opens, swallows it before their sight.  
The cause of strife removed so rarely well,  
"There - take," says Justice, "take you each a shell:  
"We thrive at Westminster on fools like you;  
"Twas a fat oyster; - live in peace, - adieu."

*Pope.*

## Part II.

### EXPRESSION OF SENTIMENT.

#### I.—*Reading of Poetry.*

So much poetry has been already read under the direction of the teacher, and, practically at least, so much useful information given, that the pupils may now be considered prepared to understand and apply the few observations which will here be made.

Poetry requires the same accentuation of syllables, the same inflections of voice, and the same regard to sense and expression as prose.

Generally, however, the tones, although fuller and longer, are somewhat lower, in poetry than prose; and the use of the monotone and rising inflection more common.

The principal faults to be guarded against are the following:—

- 1st, A see-saw mode of reading the accented and unaccented syllables;
- 2ndly, The use of monotone to the prejudice of emphasis and expression;
- 3rdly, The sing-song recurrence of metre, whether in the middle, or at the end of lines;
- 4thly, A disregard of metre, and an attempt to render verse prosaic; and
- 5thly, Emphasizing monosyllables, as prepositions, &c.; having regard to sound, not sense.

Different stanzas require, for the most part, different modes of reading. In the case of couplets, it is com-

monly recommended, unless some violation of the sense ensues, that the first line end with the rising inflection, and the second with the falling; but here and in like instance, a cultivated taste and correct ear will best direct the style of reading.

Every line, or *Verse* of poetry, consists of a certain number of syllables; which, according as they are accented or unaccented, make together so many divisions of the verse, which are called *Feet*.

The different kinds of verse depend on the different kinds and number of *Feet* which it admits.

Under the head of "Prosody," in most of the English Grammars, all necessary information on this subject will be found; and, therefore, it needs only be observed here, for the sake of illustrating the meaning of *Feet*, that a *short* and *long* syllable following each other, constitute what is called an *Iambus*; and that five *Iambuses* ordinarily make up a line or verse of what is termed the *Epic* or *Heroic* measure; thus—

The mūse | fōr-gōt | and thōu | bē-lov'd | nō mōre.

Here we have five Iambuses in the Heroic line.

In like manner, *two short* and *one long* syllables in succession, constitute the *Anapæst*; thus—

'Tis the vōice | of the slug- | gārd, I heārd | hīm cōm-plāin.

Here we have an Anapæstic verse, consisting of four feet.

In or near the middle of a verse, it is usual, in reading, to make a slightly perceptible pause. This is called the *Cesural Pause*, and is marked in the following examples:—

1. All āre bŭt pārts || of one stupendōus whōle.

2. The field of cōm-bāt || is the field fōr mēn.

In the first instance, the pause occurs after the fourth syllable; but in the second, where the final syllable of

the word "combat" is included, the pause is thrown after the fifth syllable.

Whether the inflections of voice at the *Cesural pause* be rising or falling, must depend, as heretofore, upon the nature of the subject.

At the end of each line, a *very slight pause*, if not prejudicial to the sense, adds greatly to the effect of poetry. In blank verse, however, such pause is seldom allowable. The following examples may be adduced in illustration.

1. *Terminational Pause.*

Lo, the poor Indian ! || whose untutor'd mind'  
Sees God in clouds, || or hears him in the wind';  
His soul, proud Science || never taught to stray'  
Far as the solar walk || or milky way`.

2. *Pause, governed only, by the sense.*

Did'st thou but view him right, thou'd'st see him black  
With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes', -  
That strike my soul with horror' but to name them.

---

Poetical reading depends very much for effect on a proper regard to time in the pauses, and to a judicious use of monotone; while the necessary use of intonation renders the reading of poetry more difficult than prose, as it increases the danger of sacrificing sense to sound; but, although many qualities may be necessary in a really good reader of poetry, a careful teacher and an attentive pupil, having ordinary powers, will generally produce an agreeable reader.

NOTE.—The remaining Exercises in this work should be read by the pupils individually, except where "part reading" occurs. In some instances, indeed, it may be convenient to divide the examples, but the objects of teaching will be best accomplished by each pupil reading the piece entire.

## II.—*Emotional Expression.*

At this stage of the pupil's progress, it must be the principal aim of the teacher to make his pupils understand and feel, to some extent, the emotions which the following Exercises are intended to illustrate.

The reader must not, however, assume the speaker in his attempts to give effect to his subject.

The Exercises which will now be introduced must be regarded as illustrations of the natural harmony which there is between voice and sentiment; and as showing that the variations of voice for emotional expression are as great and flexible as the emotions themselves.

## III.—*Passions; in which Pleasing Emotions Predominate.*

The gentler passions require that chastened pitch and modulation of voice, which the pleasing emotions naturally dictate; and although they are consistent with a certain degree of force, and the highest figures of speech, they are always expressed in tones which harmonize with softness and gentleness.

They may be illustrated by *Love, Sympathy, Hope, and Joy* :—

### (1.) LOVE.

#### 1. *A Son's Love*

(On receiving a Mother's Picture).

O that those lips had language ! Life has passed  
With me but roughly, since I heard thee last.  
Those lips are thine ;—thy own sweet smile I see,  
The same that oft in childhood solaced me ;  
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say—  
“ Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away ! ”  
The sweet intelligence of those dear eyes  
(Blest be the art that can immortalize,—

The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim  
 To quench it) here shines on me still the same.  
 Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,  
 O welcome guest, though unexpected here!

*Cowper.*

2. *A Wife's Love.*

(Eve's Love to Adam.)

With thee conversing, I forget all time;  
 All seasons and their change, all please alike.  
 Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,  
 With charm of earliest birds: pleasant the Sun,  
 When first on this delightful land he spreads  
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,  
 Glist'ring with dew;—fragrant the fertile Earth  
 After soft showers;—and sweet the coming on  
 Of grateful Evening mild, and this fair Moon,  
 And these the gems of heav'n, her starry train:—  
 But neither breath of morn, when she ascends  
 With charm of earliest birds;—nor rising sun  
 On this delightful land;—nor herb, fruit, flower,  
 Glist'ring with dew:—nor fragrance after showers;—  
 Nor grateful evening mild;—nor walk by noon,  
 Or glittering star-light,—without thee is sweet.

*Milton.*

3. *Description of Love.*

Love? I will tell thee what it is to love!  
 It is to build with human thoughts a shrine,  
 Where Hope sits brooding, like a beauteous dove;  
 Where Time seems *young*, and Life a thing divine.  
 All tastes—all pleasures—all desires combine  
 To consecrate this sanctuary of bliss.  
 Above—the stars in cloudless beauty shine,—  
 Around—the streams their flowery margins kiss,—  
 And, *if* there's heaven on earth, that heaven is surely  
 this.

Yes, this is Love,—the steadfast and the true,—  
 The immortal glory, which hath never set ;  
 The best, the brightest boon that heart ere knew ;  
 Of all life's sweets, the very sweetest yet !  
 Oh ! who but can recall the eve they met  
 To breathe in some green walk their first young vow,  
 Whilst summer flowers with moonlight dew were  
     wet,  
 And winds sighed soft around the mountain's brow, -  
 And all was rapture then, which still is memory now !  
*C. Swain.*

#### 4. *Youthful Love.*

When first my eyes beheld thee smile,  
     My heart fled to thee in that gaze ;  
 But when I heard thee speak awhile,  
     I ceased thy lovely form to praise !  
 For higher gifts thy being bore  
     Than those a beauteous cheek endow ;  
 And if I lost my heart before,  
     Oh, love, my soul flew with it now !  
 And heart and soul shall still be thine,  
     Come what may come of ills the worst ;  
 As faithful to thy life's decline,  
     As when they wooed and loved thee first !  
 As birds oft sing their sweetest song  
     When every leaf hath left the tree,  
 So, when thy bloom hath vanished long,  
     My heart shall fonder cleave to thee !  
*C. Swain.*

#### 5. *A Husband's Love in Sickness.*

I said I would love thee in want or in wealth,  
 Thro' cloud and thro' sunshine, in sickness, in health ;  
 And fear not, my love, when thy spirits are weak ;—  
 The troth I have plighted I never will break.  
 Aye sickness ;—but sickness ! it touches the heart  
*With a feeling, where how many feelings have part !*

There's a magic in soothing the wearisome hour,  
Pity rears up the stem, and Hope looks for the flower.

The rose smells as sweetly in sunshine and air,  
But the greenhouse has all our affection and care ;  
The lark sings as nobly, while soaring above,  
But the bird that we nurse is the bird that we love.

I have lov'd thee in sickness ; I'll love thee in health ;  
And if want be our portion, why—love be our wealth :  
Thy comfort in sorrow, thy stay when most weak ;—  
The troth I have plighted I never will break !

*C. Neale.*

6. *Love of Birth-place* (Clifton Grove).

Fair Nature ! thee, in all thy varied charms,  
Fain would I clasp for ever in my arms :  
Thine are the sweets which never, never sate ;—  
Thine still remain through all the storms of fate ;—  
Dear native love ! where'er my devious track,—  
To thee will memory lead the wanderer back.  
Still, still to thee, where'er my footsteps roam,  
My heart shall point, and lead the wanderer home.  
When splendour offers, and when Fame incites,  
I'll pause, and think of all thy dear delights ;  
Reject the boon, and, wearied with the change,  
Renounce the wish which first induced to range ;  
Turn to these scenes, these well-known scenes once more,  
Trace once again old Trent's romantic shore,  
And, tired with worlds, and all their busy ways,  
Here pass in peace the remnant of my days.

*H. Kirke White.*

7. *Love of Country.*

After due pause, they bade him tell  
Why he, who touch'd the harp so well,  
Should thus, with ill-requited toil,  
Wander a poor and thankless soil,  
When the more generous Southern Land  
Would well requite his skilful hand.

The aged Harper, howsoe'er  
 His only friend, his harp, was dear,  
 Liked not to hear it ranked so high  
 Above his flowing poesy :  
 Less liked he still the scornful jeer  
 Misprised the land he loved so dear ;  
 High was the sound, as thus again  
 The Bard resumed his minstrel strain :—

“Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,  
 Who never to himself has said—

‘This is my own, my native land !’  
 Whose heart hath ne’er within him burn’d,  
 As home his footsteps he hath turn’d

“From wandering on a foreign strand !  
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;  
 For him no Minstrel raptures swell ;  
 High though his titles, proud his name,  
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim ;  
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
 The wretch, concentrated all in self,  
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
 And, doubly dying, shall go down  
 To the vile dust from whence he sprung,  
 Unwept, unhonour’d, and unsung.

“O Caledonia ! stern and wild,  
 Meet nurse for a poetic child,—  
 Land of brown heath, and shaggy wood,  
 Land of the mountain and the flood,  
 Land of my sires !—what mortal hand  
 Can e’er untie the filial band  
 That knits me to thy rugged strand !  
 Still, as I view each well-known scene,  
 Think what is now, and what hath been,  
 Seems as, to me, of all bereft,  
 Sole friends thy woods and streams were left ;  
 And thus I love thee better still,  
 Even in extremity of ill.”

*W. Scott.*

## (2.) SYMPATHY.

1. *The Superiority of Sympathy.*

Would'st thou, then, exchange  
 Those heart-ennobling sorrows for the lot  
 Of him who sits amid the gaudy herd  
 Of silent flatterers bending to his nod,  
 And o'er them, like a giant, casts his eye,  
 And says within himself—"I am a king,  
 And wherefore should the clamorous voice of woe  
 Intrude upon mine ear?" The dregs corrupt  
 Of barbarous ages,—that Circæan draught  
 Of servitude and folly,—have not yet,—  
 Bless'd be th' Eternal Ruler of the world!—  
 Yet have not so dishonour'd, so deform'd  
 The native judgment of the human soul,  
 Nor so effaced the image of her sire!

*Akenside.*

2. *Sympathy with a Broken Heart.*

They were the sweetest notes I ever heard: and I instantly let down the fore-glass, to hear them more distinctly.—

"'Tis poor Maria," said the postilion, observing I was listening.—

And who is poor Maria? said I.

"The love and pity of all the villagers around us," said the postilion. "It is but three years ago, that the sun did not shine upon so fair, so quick-witted, and amiable a maid!"—

He was going on, when Maria, who had made a short pause, put her pipe to her mouth and began the air again—they were the same notes,—yet ten times sweeter:—

We had got up by this time almost to the bank where she was sitting: she was in a thin white jacket, with her hair, all but two tresses, drawn up in a silk net, with a few olive leaves twisted fantastically on one

side. She was beautiful; and if ever I felt the full force of an honest heart-ache, it was the moment I saw her.—

Just at this moment, Maria made a cadence so melancholy, so tender, and querulous, that I sprung out of the chaise, and found myself sitting between her and her goat, before I relapsed from my enthusiasm.

I sat down close by her, and she let me wipe away the tears, as they trickled down her cheeks, with my handkerchief. I then steeped it in my own—and then in hers—and then in mine—and then I wiped her's again,—and as I did it, I felt such indescribable emotions within me, as I am sure could not be accounted for from any combination of matter and motion.

She told me she had strayed as far as Rome, and walked round St. Peter's once and returned back,—that she found her way across the Apennines,—had travelled over all Lombardy without money—and through the flinty roads of Savoy without shoes:—how she had borne it, and how she had got supported, she could not tell,—“but God tempers the wind,” said Maria, “to the shorn lamb.”

Shorn indeed! and to the quick, said I: and wast thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it, and shelter thee; thou should'st eat of my own bread and drink of my own cup,—in all thy weaknesses and wanderings, I would seek after thee and bring thee back;—when the sun went down I would say my prayers; and when I had done, thou should'st play the evening song upon thy pipe; nor would the incense of my sacrifice be worse accepted for entering heaven along with that of a broken heart.

Nature melted within me, as I uttered this; and Maria observing, as I took out my handkerchief, that it was steeped too much already to be of use, would needs go wash it in the stream.—And where will you dry it, Maria? said I. “I will dry it in my bosom,” *said she*,—“it will do me good.”—*Sterne.*

## (3.) HOPE.

1. *The unappreciable Value of Hope.*

Hope sets the stamp of vanity on all  
 That men have deem'd substantial since the fall,  
 Yet has the wond'rous virtue to educe  
 From emptiness itself a real use ;  
 From fading good derives, with chemic art,  
 That lasting happiness, a thankful heart.  
 Hope, with uplifted foot set free from earth,  
 Pants for the place of her ethereal birth,  
 And crowns the soul, while yet a mourner here,  
 With wreaths like those triumphant spirits wear.  
 Hope, as an anchor firm and sure, holds fast  
 The Christian vessel, and defies the blast.  
 Hope ! let the wretch, once conscious of the joy,  
 Whom new despairing agonies destroy,  
 Speak,—for he can,—and none so well as he,—  
 What treasures centre, what delights, in thee !  
 Had he the gems, the spices, and the land  
 That boasts the treasure, all at his command ;  
 The fragrant grove, th' inestimable mine,  
 Were light, when weigh'd against one smile of thine !

*Cowper.*

2. *The Anticipations of Hope.*

At summer eve, when heaven's ethereal brow  
 Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,  
 Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,  
 Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky ?  
 Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear  
 More sweet than all the landscape smiling near ?  
 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,  
 And robes the mountain in its azure hue.  
 Thus with delight we linger to survey  
 The promis'd joys of life's unmeasur'd way ;  
 Thus, from afar, each dim-discover'd scene  
 More pleasing seems than all the past has been,  
 And every form that Fancy can repair  
 From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

What potent spirit guides the raptur'd eye  
 To pierce the shades of dim futurity ?  
 Can Wisdom lend, with all her heavenly power,  
 The pledge of Joy's anticipated hour ?  
 Ah, no ! she darkly sees the fate of man—  
 Her dim horizon pointed to a span ;  
 Or, if she hold an image to the view,  
 'Tis Nature pictured too severely true.

With thee, sweet Hope, resides the heavenly light,  
 That pours remotest raptures on the sight :  
 Thine is the charm of life's bewilder'd way,  
 That calls each slumb'ring passion into play.  
 Waked by thy touch, I see the sister band,  
 On tiptoe watching, start at thy command,  
 And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer,  
 To Pleasure's path, or Glory's bright career.

*Campbell.*

### 3. *The Sustaining Power of Religious Hope.*

On earth

There is not certainty, nor stable Hope.  
 The good man's hope is laid far, far beyond  
 The sway of tempests, or the furious sweep  
 Of mortal desolation. He beholds,  
 Unapprehensive, the gigantic stride  
 Of rampant Ruin, or the unstable waves  
 Of dark Vicissitude. Even in death,  
 In that dread hour, when with a giant pang,  
 Tearing the tender fibre of the heart,  
 The immortal spirit struggles to be free,  
 Then, even then, that hope forsakes him not,  
 For it exists beyond the narrow verge  
 Of the cold sepulchre, and rests upon  
 The bosom of its God.

This is man's only reasonable hope ;  
 And 'tis a hope which, cherish'd in the breast,  
 Shall not be disappointed.

*H. Kirke White.*

4. *Hope amidst Worldly Pursuits.*

Sweet Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain,  
 Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain,  
 Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,  
 And parting summer's lingering bloom delay'd,—  
 Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,  
 Seats of my youth, where every sport could please,—  
 Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,  
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn.  
 Here, as I take my solitary rounds,  
 Amidst thy tangling walks and ruin'd grounds,  
 And many a year elaps'd, return to view,  
 Where once the cottage stood—the hawthorn grew—  
 Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,  
 Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,  
 In all my griefs—and God has given my share—  
 I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,  
 Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down ;  
 To husband out life's taper at the close,  
 And keep the flame from wasting, by repose.  
 I still had hopes—for pride attends us still—  
 Amidst the swains to shew my book-learn'd skill,—  
 Around my fire an evening group to draw,  
 And tell of all I felt, and all I saw ;  
 And, as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue,  
 Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,  
 I still had hopes, my long vexations past,  
 Here to return—and die at home at last.

*Goldsmith.*

5. *Hope in Death.*

Unfading Hope ! when life's last embers burn,  
 When soul to soul, and dust to dust return !  
 Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour.  
 Oh ! then, thy kingdom comes ! Immortal Power !  
 What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly  
 The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye ;

Bright to the soul thy seraph bands convey  
 The morning dream of life's eternal day ;  
 Then, then the triumph and the trance begin,  
 And all the phoenix spirit burns within !

Oh ! deep enchanting prelude to repose,  
 The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes !  
 Yet half I hear the panting spirit sigh,  
 " It is a dread and awful thing to die ! "

Daughter of faith ! awake, arise, illumine  
 The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb !  
 Melt, and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll  
 Cimmerian darkness in the parting soul !  
 Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of dismay,  
 Chased on his night-steed by the star of day !  
 The strife is o'er !—the pangs of nature close,  
 And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.

*Campbell.*

6. *The Assurance of Hope, in Final Judgment.*

Oh ! who shall then survive ?

Oh ! who shall stand and live ?

When all that hath been is no more ;

When the round earth, hung in air,

With all its constellations fair

In the sky's azure canopy,—

When all the breathing earth, and sparkling sea,

Is but a fiery deluge without shore,

Heaving along the abyss profound and dark,

A fiery deluge, and without an ark ?

Lord of all Power ! when Thou art there alone,

On Thy eternal fiery-wheeled throne,

That in its high meridian noon

Needs not the perish'd sun nor moon :

When Thou art there in Thy presiding state,

Wide-sceptered Monarch o'er the realm of doom,

When from the sea-depths, from earth's darkest womb,

The dead of all the ages round Thee wait ;

And when the tribes of wickedness are shown,  
 Like forest-leaves in the autumn of Thine ire :  
 Faithful and true ! Thou still wilt save Thine own !  
 The Saints shall dwell within th' unburning fire,  
 Each white robe spotless, blooming every palm,  
 Even safe as we by this still fountain side,  
 So shall Thy Church, Thy bright and mystic Bride,  
 Sit on the stormy gulph, a halcyon bird of calm.  
 Yes, 'mid yon angry and destroying signs,  
 O'er us the rainbow of Thy mercy shines,  
 We hail, we bless the covenant of its beam,  
 Almighty to avenge ! Almightyest to redeem !

*Milman.*

(4.) Joy.

1. *Joy at Recognition.*

When, strict inquiring, from herself he found  
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,  
 Of bountiful Acasto—who can speak  
 The mingled passions that surprised his heart,  
 And through his nerves in shivering transport ran,  
 As thus Palemon, passionate and just,  
 Poured out the pious rapture of his soul !—  
 “ Art thou, then, Acasto's dear remains ?  
 She whom my restless gratitude has sought  
 So long in vain ? O yes ! the very same,  
 The soften'd image of my noble friend ;  
 Alive his every feature, every look,  
 More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring !  
 Thou sole-surviving blossom from the root  
 That nourished up my fortune ! say, ah ! where,  
 In what sequestered desert hast thou drawn  
 The kindest aspect of delighted heaven ?  
 O let me now into a richer soil  
 Transplant thee safe ! where vernal suns and showers  
 Diffuse their warmest, largest influence,  
 And of my garden be the pride and joy !

*Thomson.*

2. *The Joy of a Pardoned Offender.*

As when a felon, whom his country's laws  
 Have justly doom'd for some atrocious cause,  
 Expects in darkness and heart-chilling fears,  
 The shameful close of all his mis-spent years ;  
 The warder at his door the key applies,  
 Shoots back the bolt, and all his courage dies ;  
 If then, just then, all thoughts of mercy lost,  
 When Hope, long lingering, at last yields the ghost,  
 The sound of pardon pierce his startled ear,  
 He drops at once his fetters and his fear ;  
 A transport glows in all he looks and speaks,  
 And the first thankful tears bedew his cheeks.  
 Joy, far superior joy, that much outweighs  
 The comfort of a few poor added days,  
 Invades, possesses, and o'erwhelms the soul  
 Of him, whom Hope has with a touch made whole.  
 'Tis Heav'n, all Heav'n descending on the wings  
 Of the glad legions of the King of kings ;  
 'Tis more—'tis God diffus'd through ev'ry part,—  
 'Tis God himself triumphant in the heart.

*Cowper.*

3. *Joy at a Father's Return.*

Slowly the melancholy day  
 In cloud and storm pass'd o'er ;  
 Fearful and wild the tall ships lay  
 Off the rude Northumbrian shore ;  
 'Mid the thunder's crash, and the lighting's ray,  
 And the dashing ocean's roar.  
 And many a father's heart beat high  
 With an aching fear of woe,  
 As he gaz'd upon the ghastly sky,  
 And heard the tempest blow ;  
 Or watch'd with sad and anxious eye,  
 The warring waves below !

Oh ! many a mournful mother wept ;  
 And closer, fonder prest  
 The babe, that soft and sweetly slept  
 Upon her troubled breast ;  
 While every hour that lingering crept,  
 Her agonies confest !

And *one* upon the couch was laid,  
 In deep and helpless pain ;  
 Two children sought her side, and played,  
 And strove to cheer—in vain :  
 Till breathlessly, and half afraid,  
 They listened to the rain.

“ ’Tis a rough sea your father braves ! ”  
 The afflicted mother said ;  
 “ Pray that the Holy Arm that saves,  
 May guard his precious head !—  
 May shield him from the wrecking waves,  
 To aid you—when I’m dead ! ”

Then low the children bended there,  
 With clasped hands, to implore  
 That God would save them from despair,  
 And their loved sire restore :—  
 And the heavens heard that quiet prayer,  
 ’Mid all the tempest’s roar !

’Twas eve !—and cloudlessly at last,  
 The sky in beauty gleamed !  
 O’er snowy sail and lofty mast  
 The painted pennon streamed ;  
 The danger and the gloom had past,  
 Like horrors—*only dreamed !*

Swift to the desolated beach  
 The Fisher’s children hied ;  
 But far as human sight could reach,  
 No boat swept o’er the tide !  
 Still on they watched—and with sweet speech,  
 To banish grief they tried !

Long, long they sat—when lo! a light  
 And distant speck was seen,—  
*Small* as the smallest star of night,  
 When night is most serene!  
 But to the Fisher's boy that sight  
 A sight of bliss had been!  
 "It comes!" he cried, "our father's boat!  
 See!—sister—by yon stone!  
 Not there—not there,—still more remote,—  
 I know the sail's our own!  
 Look!—look again!—they nearer float!  
 Thanks!—thanks to God alone!"  
 Four happy, grateful hearts were those  
 That met at even-fall;  
 The mother half forgot her woes,  
 And kissed and blessed them all!  
 "Praised! praised!" she said, "be He who shows  
 Sweet mercy when we call!"

*C. Swain.*

*4. Angels Rejoicing at the Saviour's Birth.*

Oh! never, never since we came  
 On wing of light, and form of flame;  
 Have angels known entrancing bliss  
 Unfathomably deep as this!—  
 For lo! the manger where He lies  
 A world-redeeming Sacrifice:  
 Peace on earth! to man good-will!  
 Let the skies our anthem fill!  
 Hail, Virgin-born! transcendent child!  
 Of mortal semblance, undefiled,  
 By ages visioned, doomed to be  
 The Star of Immortality!  
 Hail, Prince of Peace! and Lord of Light!  
 Around Thy path the world is bright;  
 Where'er Thou tread'st, an Eden blooms,  
 And earth forgets her myriad tombs!

Thy voice is heard—and anguish dies,  
 The dead awake and greet the skies!  
 Peace on earth! to man good-will!  
 Let the skies our anthem fill!

*R. Montgomery.*

5. *Ecstasy, or Joy in Heavenly Bliss.*

(The Dying Christian to his Soul.)

Vital spark of heavenly flame,  
 Quit, oh! quit this mortal frame!  
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,  
 Oh! the pain, the bliss of dying!  
 Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,  
 And let me languish into life.

Hark! they whisper; angels say—  
 “Sister spirit, come away!”  
 What is this absorbs be quite?  
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight?—  
 Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?  
 Tell me, my soul, can this be Death?

The world recedes! it disappears!  
 Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears  
 With sounds seraphic ring:  
 Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!  
 O Grave! where is thy victory?  
 O Death! where is thy sting?

*Pope.*

IV.—*Passions, with Mental Distress.*

Passions of this class frequently involve great poignancy of feeling. In reading, they require those subdued tones which indicate strong mental emotion, and, in general, a predominance of the monotone. They may be represented by *Shame, Fear, Grief, and remorse.*

## (1.) SHAME.

1. *Coriolanus, ashamed of Public Praise.*

No more of this ! it doth offend my heart ;—  
 Pray now, no more. Your honour's pardon ;  
 I had rather have my wounds to heal again,  
 Than hear say how I got them ; for oft  
 When blows have made me stay, I fled from words.—  
 You sooth not ;—therefore hurt not :—  
 I had rather have one scratch my head i' the sun,  
 When the alarum were struck, than idly sit  
 To hear my nothings monstered. Also  
 I beseech you, let me o'erleap the custom  
 That I do speak to the people ; for I cannot  
 Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,  
 For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrage. Please you  
 That I may pass this doing. It is a part  
 That I shall blush in acting. *Shakspeare.*

2. *The Shame of Adam and Eve, after their Fall.*

Now from his presence hid themselves among  
 The thickest trees, both man and wife ;—till God  
 Approaching, thus to Adam call'd aloud :—  
 “ Where art thou, Adam, wont with joy to meet  
 My coming seen from far ? I miss thee here ;  
 Come forth.”  
 He came, and with him Eve, more loath, though first  
 T'offend,—discountenanc'd both, and discompos'd :  
 Love was not in their looks, either to God  
 Or to each other, but apparent guilt,  
 And shame.  
 Whence Adam falt'ring long, then answer'd brief :—  
 “ I heard thee in the garden, and of thy voice  
 Afraid, being naked, hid myself.” To whom  
 The gracious Judge without revile reply'd :—  
 “ My voice thou oft hast heard, and hast not fear'd,  
 But still rejoic'd : how is it now become  
 So dreadful to thee ? Thou art naked ! who

Hath told thee? Hast thou eaten of the tree,  
Whereof I gave thee charge thou should'st not eat?"

To whom thus Adam sore beset reply'd:—  
"O Heav'n! in evil strait this day I stand  
Before my Judge, either to undergo  
Myself the total crime, or to accuse  
My other self, the partner of my life.—  
This woman, whom thou mad'st to be my help,  
And gave me as thy perfect gift, so good,  
She gave me of the tree, and I did eat."

Whereas sad Eve, with shame nigh overwhelm'd,  
Confessing soon—yet not before her Judge  
Bold or loquacious—thus abash'd reply'd:—  
"The serpent me beguil'd, and I did eat.

*Milton.*

### 3. *Shame at deserving Public Disgrace.*

My friends are gone! Harsh on its sullen hinge  
Grates the dread door; the massy bolts respond  
Tremendous to the surly keeper's touch,  
And fastened firm, the object of their care  
Is left to solitude,—to sorrow left.

But wherefore fasten'd? Oh, still stronger bonds  
Than bolts, or locks, or doors of molten brass,  
To solitude and sorrow would consign  
His anguish'd soul, and prison him, though free!  
For, whither should he fly, or where produce  
In open day, and to the golden sun,  
His hapless head?—whence every laurel torn,  
On his bald brow sits grinning Infamy;  
And all in sportive triumph twines around  
The keen, the stinging adders of disgrace?  
Confined—

On this blessed day—the Sabbath of my God!—  
Not from his house alone, not from the power  
Of joyful worship with assembling crowds,  
But from the labours once so amply mine,—  
The labours of His love! Now, laid aside,

Cover'd my head with ignominious dust,  
 My voice is stopp'd ; and had I e'en the power,  
 Strong shame, and stronger grief, would to that voice  
 Forbid all utterance !

'Tis not for thee  
 Poor destitute ! thus grovelling in the dust  
 Of self-annihilation, to assume  
 The censor's office, and reprove mankind.  
 Ah, me,—thy day of duty is declined !  
 Thou rather, to the quick probe thine own wounds,  
 And plead for mercy at the judgment-seat,  
 Where conscience smites thee for the offence deplored.

*Dr. Dodd.*

(2.) FEAR.

1. *A Tyrant's Fear.*

(Gesler's Fear of W. Tell, after conversing with his Son.)

I tell thee, Sarnem, looking on that boy,  
 I felt I was not master of those hills.  
 He has a father—neither promises  
 Nor threats could draw from him his name—a father,  
 Who talks to him of Liberty ! I fear  
 That man. He must be found ; and soon  
 As found, disposed of ! I can see the man.  
 He is as palpable to my sight as if  
 He stood like you before me. I can see him  
 Scaling that rock ; yea, I can feel him, Sarnem,  
 As I were in his grasp, and he about  
 To hurl me o'er yon parapet ! I live  
 In danger till I find that man ! Send parties  
 Into the wide mountains, to explore them far  
 And wide ; and if they chance to light upon  
 A father, who expects his child, command them  
 To drag him straight before us. Sarnem, Sarnem,  
 They are not yet subdued !

*Knowles.*

2. *Fear of Cruelty.*

(Prince Arthur to Hubert.)

Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?  
 And will you, Hubert—will you put out mine eyes,—  
 These eyes, that never did, nor ever shall  
 So much as frown on you?  
 Ah! none but in this iron age would do it!  
 Oh! save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out,  
 Even with the fierce looks of these horrid men.  
 Alas, what need you be so boist'rous rough?  
 I will not struggle;—Hubert, let me not be bound!  
 Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,  
 And I will sit as quiet as a lamb,  
 Nor look upon the iron angrily:  
 Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,  
 Whatever torment you do put me to.

*Shakspeare.*3. *Fear of Apparitions.*

"Break off!" said Harold, in a tone  
 Where hurry and surprise were shown,  
 With some slight touch of fear,—  
 "Break off, we are not here alone;—  
 A Palmer form comes slowly on!  
 By cowl, and staff, and mantle known,  
 My monitor is near.  
 Now mark him, Gunnar, heedfully;  
 He pauses by the blighted tree—  
 Dost see him, youth? Thou could'st not see  
 When in the vale of Galilee  
 I first beheld his form;  
 Nor when we met that other while  
 In Cephalonia's rocky isle,  
 Before the fearful storm,—  
 Dost see him now?" The Page, distraught  
 With terror, answered—"I see nought

And there is nought to see,  
 Save that the oak's scath'd boughs fling down  
 Upon the path a shadowy brown,  
 That, like a pilgrim's dusky gown,  
 Waves with the waving tree."

*Walter Scott.*

4. *Juliet's Fear (on taking the Opiate) of Scenes within the Charnel House.*

I feel a faint, cold fear thrills through my veins,  
 That almost freezes up the heart of life :—  
 How, if when I am laid into the tomb,  
 I wake before the time that Romeo  
 Comes to redeem me ! There's a fearful point !  
 Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,  
 To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,  
 And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes ?  
 Or, If I live, is it not very like,  
 The horrible conceit of death and night,  
 Together with the terror of the place,—  
 As in a vault, an ancient sepulchre,  
 Where, for these many hundred years, the bones  
 Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd ;  
 Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,  
 Lies fest'ring in his shroud ;  
 Alack ! alack ! is it not like, that I,  
 So early waking,—what with loathsome smells,  
 And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,  
 That living mortals, hearing them, run mad ;—  
 O ! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,  
 Environed with all these hideous fears ?

*Shakspeare.*

5. *Guilty Fear.*

" Yet twice have I beheld to-day  
 A Form, that seem'd to dog our way ;  
 Twice from my glance it seem'd to flee,  
 And shroud itself by cliff or tree.

'Twas Mortham's form, from foot to head !  
 His morion, with the plume of red,—  
 His shape, his mien—'twas Mortham, right  
 As when I slew him in the fight !"  
 Mute and uncertain, and amazed,  
 As on a vision, Bertram gazed !  
 'Twas Mortham's bearing, bold and high,  
 His sinewy frame, his falcon eye,  
 His look and accent of command,  
 The martial gesture of his hand,  
 His stately form, spare-built and tall,  
 His war-bleach'd look—'twas Mortham all.  
 Through Bertram's dizzy brain career  
 A thousand thoughts, and all of fear ;  
 His wavering faith received not quite  
 The form he saw as Mortham's sprite,  
 But more he fear'd it, if it stood  
 His lord, in living flesh and blood.  
 Was it a dream ?  
 Or had he seen, in vision true,  
 The very Mortham whom he slew ?  
 Or had in living flesh appear'd  
 The only man on earth he fear'd ?  
 To try the mystic cause intent,  
 His eyes that on the cliff were bent  
 'Counter'd at once a dazzling glance,  
 Like sunbeam flash'd from sword or lance.  
 At once he started as for flight,  
 But not a foeman was in sight ;  
 He heard the cushat's murmur hoarse,  
 He heard the river's sounding course ;  
 The solitary woodlands lay  
 As slumbering in the summer ray.  
 He gaz'd, like lion rous'd, around,  
 Then sunk again upon the ground.  
 'Twas but, he thought, some fitful beam,  
 Glanced sudden from the sparkling stream ;

Then plunged him from the gloomy train  
 Of ill-conceited thoughts again,  
 Until a voice behind him cried—  
 “Bertram! well met on Greta side!”

*Walter Scott.*

(3.) GRIEF.

1. *A Brother's Grief.*

I drew near to my father's gate,  
 No smiling faces met me now;  
 I entered,—all was desolate,  
 Grief sat upon my mother's brow;  
 I heard her, as she kiss'd me, sigh:  
 A tear stood in my father's eye;  
 My little brothers round me pressed  
 In gay, unthinking childhood blessed;  
 Long, long that hour has pass'd; but when  
 Shall I forget its gloomy scene!

The Sabbath came. With mournful face  
 I sought my brother's burial-place;  
 That shrine, which when I last had viewed,  
 In vigour by my side he stood;—  
 I gazed around with fearful eye;—  
 All things reposed in sanctity.  
 I reached the chancel,—nought was changed:  
 The altar decently arranged,  
 The pure white cloth above the shrine,  
 The consecrated bread and wine,—  
 All was the same. I found no trace  
 Of sorrow in that holy place.  
 One hurried glance I downward gave,—  
 My foot was on my brother's grave.

*Moultrie.*

2. *A Lover's Grief.*

Mary, the moon is sleeping on thy grave,  
 And on the turf thy lover sad is kneeling,

The big tear fills his eye. Mary, awake,  
 From thy dark house arise, and bless his sight,  
 On the pale moonbeam gliding. Soft and low  
 Pour on the silver ear of Night thy tale—  
 Thy whisper'd tale of comfort and of love,  
 To soothe thy Edward's lorn, distracted soul,  
 And cheer his breaking heart.  
 My only love! O! now again arise,  
 And let once more thine æry accents fall  
 Soft on my listening ear. Mary, lo!  
 Thy Edward kneels upon thy verdant grave,  
 And calls upon thy name. The breeze that blows  
 On his wan cheek will soon sweep over him,  
 In solemn music, a funeral dirge,  
 Wild and most sorrowful. His cheek is pale;  
 The worm that prey'd upon thy youthful bloom  
 Is canker'd green on his. Now lost he stands,  
 The ghost of what he was, and the cold dew  
 Which bathes his aching temples gives sure omen  
 Of speedy dissolution. Mary, soon  
 Thy love will lay his pallid cheek to thine,  
 And sweetly will he sleep with thee in death.

*H. Kirke White.*

### 3. *A Widowed Husband's Grief.*

Beneath the gloom of this embowering shade,  
 This lone retreat, for tender sorrow made,  
 I now may give my burden'd heart relief,  
 And pour forth all my stores of grief.  
     In vain I look around  
     O'er all the well-known ground,  
 My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry;  
     Where oft we used to walk,  
     Where oft, in tender talk,  
 We saw the summer sun go down the sky;  
     Nor by yon fountain's side,  
     Nor where its waters glide

Along the valley, can she now be found ;  
 In all the wide-stretch'd prospect's ample bound,  
     No more my mournful eye  
     Can aught of her espy,  
 But the sad sacred earth, where her dear relics lie.

Sweet babes ! who, like the little playful fawns,  
 Were wont to trip along these verdant lawns  
 By their delighted mother's side,  
 Who now their infant steps shall guide ?  
     Ah ! where is now the hand whose tender care  
 To every virtue should have formed their youth,  
 And strew'd with flowers the thorny ways of truth ?  
     O loss beyond repair !  
     O wretched father ! left alone,  
     To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own !  
 How shall thy weakened mind, oppress'd with woe,  
 And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,  
 Perform the duties that you doubly owe,  
     Now she, alas ! is gone,  
     From folly and from vice their helpless age to save !  
*Lyttelton.*

4. *A Convict Husband's Grief.*

And can it be ? or is it all a dream—  
 A vapour of the mind ? I scarce believe  
 Myself awake or acting. Sudden thus  
 Am I—so compass'd round with comforts late,  
 Health, freedom, peace—torn from all, and lost !  
 A prisoner in—Impossible !—I sleep !  
 'Tis fancy's coinage ! 'tis a dream's delusion !  
     Vain dream ! vain fancy ! quickly I am roused  
 To all the dire reality's distress :  
 I tremble, start, and feel myself awake,  
 Dreadfully awake to all my woes ! and roll  
 From wave to wave on Sorrow's ocean toss'd.  
 Nor thou, Maria, with me ! Oh, my wife !  
 " I have undone thee ! " Can I, then, sustain  
 Thy killing aspect, and that tender tear

Which secret steals adown thy lovely face,  
 Dissembling smiles to cheer me—cheer me ! Heaven !  
 Look on the mighty ruin I have pluck'd,  
 Pluck'd instant, unsuspected, in the hour  
 Of peace and dear security, on her head !  
 And where—O where can cheerfulness be found ?  
 Mine must be mourning ever. Oh, my wife,  
 “ I have undone thee ! ” What th' infuriate band  
 Of foes vindictive could not have achieved—  
 In mercy would not—I have wrought ! Thy husband !  
 Thy husband, loved with such unshaken truth,—  
 Thy husband, loved with such a steady flame,  
 From youth's first hour!—even he hath on thee pluck'd,  
 On thee, his soul's companion, life's best friend,  
 Such desolation, as to view would draw  
 From the wild savage pity's deepest groan !

*Dr. Dodd.*

*5. A Convict Mother's Grief.*

Oh, sleep not, my babe ! for the morn of to-morrow  
 Shall soothe me to slumber more tranquil than thine ;  
 The dark grave shall shield me from shame and from  
 sorrow,  
 Though the deeds and the gloom of the guilty are mine.  
 Not long shall the arm of affection enfold thee :  
 Not long shalt thou hang on thy mother's fond breast ;  
 And who with the eye of delight shall behold thee,  
 And watch thee, and guard thee, when I am at rest ?  
 And yet it doth grieve me to wake thee, my dearest,  
 The pangs of thy desolate mother to see ;  
 Thou wilt weep when the clank of my cold chain thou  
 hearest,  
 And none but the guilty shall mourn over me.  
 And yet I *must* wake thee—for while thou art weeping,  
 To calm thee, I stifle my tears for awhile ;  
 But thou smil'st in thy dreams while thus placidly  
 sleeping,  
 And, oh ! how it wounds me to gaze on thy smile !

Alas! my sweet babe, with what pride had I pressed thee  
 To the bosom that now throbs with terror and shame,  
 If the pure tie of virtuous affection had blessed thee,  
 And hailed thee the heir of thy father's high name!  
 But now—with remorse that avails not—I mourn thee,  
 Forsaken and friendless, as soon thou wilt be:  
 In a world, if it cannot betray, that will scorn thee—  
 Avenging the guilt of thy mother on thee.

And when the dark thought of my fate shall awaken  
 The deep blush of shame on thy innocent cheek,—  
 When by all but the God of the orphan forsaken,  
 A home and a father in vain thou shalt seek;—  
 I know that the base world will seek to deceive thee,  
 With falsehood like that which thy mother beguil'd;  
 Yet, lost and degraded—to whom can I leave thee?  
 O God of the fatherless! pity my child!

*Dale.*

#### V.—*Passions, with Intense Emotion.*

Passions of this class, indicating the greatest emotion and excitement of which the human mind is capable, are always connected with much mental suffering. They are expressed in those deep tones which are naturally associated with intense feeling, and frequently give occasion to great excitement, both of voice and manner.

They may be illustrated by *Anger*, and *Rage*, its excess;—*Hatred*, and that condition of the mind to which it prompts, *Revenge*;—*Remorse*, which connects itself chiefly with the past, and *Despair*, which looks forward also to the future; the former excited by individual acts, and the latter by circumstances beyond the sufferer's control.

It must not be supposed, however, that the intense emotions of the mind are limited to such passions as are included in this chapter. Every passion is capable of being intensified, and requires, in such case, to be properly expressed in reading.

## (1.) ANGER AND RAGE.

1. *Adam's Anger against Eve.*

To whom, then first incens'd, Adam reply'd :  
 "Is this thy love? is this the recompense  
 Of mine to thee, ungrateful Eve?  
 And am I now upbraided as the cause  
 Of thy transgressing? Not enough severe,  
 It seems, in thy restraint: what could I more?  
 I warn'd thee, I admonish'd thee, foretold  
 The danger and the lurking enemy  
 That lay in wait; beyond this had been force,  
 And force upon free-will hath here no place.  
 But confidence then bore thee on, secure  
 Either to meet no danger, or to find  
 Matter of glorious trial: and perhaps  
 I also err'd in overmuch admiring  
 What seem'd in thee as perfect, that I thought  
 No evil durst attempt thee; but I rue  
 That error now, which is become my crime,  
 And thou th' accuser."

*Milton.*

2. *Henry the Fifth's Anger against Lord Scroop.*

But O!

What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop; thou cruel  
 Ingrate, savage, and inhuman creature!  
 Thou, that did'st bear the key of all my counsels,  
 Thou knew'st the very bottom of my soul,  
 That almost might'st have coin'd me into gold,  
 Would'st thou have practis'd on me for thy use;  
 May it be possible, that foreign hire  
 Could out of thee extract one spark of evil  
 That might annoy my finger? 'Tis so strange  
 That, though the truth of it stands off as gross  
 As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it.  
 But thou, 'gainst all proportion, did'st bring in  
 Wonder, to wait on treason, and on murder:

And whatsoever cunning fiend it was  
 That wrought upon thee so preposterously,  
 Hath got the voice in hell for excellence :  
 For he that temper'd thee,  
 Gave thee no instance why thou should'st do treason,  
 Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.  
 O, how hast thou with jealousy infected  
 The sweetness of affiance ! Show men dutiful ?  
 Why, so did'st thou : seem they grave and learned ?  
 Why, so did'st thou : come they of noble family ?  
 Why, so did'st thou : seem they religious ?  
 Why, so did'st thou : or, are they spare in diet ;—  
 Free from gross passion, or of mirth or anger ;  
 Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood ;  
 Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement ?  
 Such, and so finely bolted did'st thou seem :  
 And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,  
 To mark the full-fraught man, and best indued,  
 With some suspicion. *Shakspeare.*

3. *Queen Katharine's Indignation against Wolsey.*

Lord Cardinal,

To you I speak.—I do believe,  
 Induced by potent circumstances, that  
 You are mine enemy ; and make my challenge  
 You shall not be my judge : for it is you  
 Hath blown this coal betwixt my lord and me.  
 Therefore, I say again,  
 I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul  
 Refuse you for my judge : whom yet once more,  
 I hold my most malicious foe, and think not  
 At all a friend to truth.—My lord, my lord,  
 I am a simple women, much too weak  
 To oppose your cunning. You are meek and humble-  
 mouth'd ;  
 You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,  
 With meekness and humility : but your heart  
*Is cramm'd with arrogance, spleen, and pride.*

You have, by fortune, and his highness' favours,  
 Gone slightly o'er low steps ; and now are mounted  
 Where powers are your retainers : and your words,  
 Domestics to you, serve your will, as 't please  
 Yourself pronounce their office. I must tell you,  
 You tender more your person's honour than  
 Your high profession spiritual : and again  
 I do refuse you for my judge. *Shakspeare.*

4. *Rage of Marmion against Douglas.*

Burn'd Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,  
 And shook his very frame for ire,

And—" This to me !" he said—

" An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,  
 Such hand as Marmion's had not spared

To cleave the Douglas head !

And first I tell thee, haughty Peer,  
 He who does England's message here,  
 Although the meanest in her state,  
 May well, proud Argus, be thy mate :  
 And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,

Even in thy pitch of pride,

Here in thy hold, thy vassals near  
 (Nay, never look upon your lord,  
 And lay your hands upon your sword),

I tell thee, thou'rt defied !

And if thou said'st I am not peer,  
 To any lord in Scotland here,  
 Lowland or Highland, far or near,

Lord Argus, thou hast lied !"

*Walter Scott.*

5. *W. Tell's Rage at being commanded to Bow to Gesler's Cap.*

Off, off, you base and hireling pack !

I've scatter'd

A flock of wolves that did outnumber you.

For sport I did it. Sport !—I scattered them

With but a staff not half so thick as this.

What!—Ha!—Beset by hares! Ye men of Altorf,  
 What fear ye? See what things you fear—the shows  
 And surfaces of men! Why stand ye wondering there?  
 Why look ye on a man that's like yourselves?  
 And see him do the deeds yourselves might do,  
 And act them not? Or know you not yourselves  
 That ye are men?—that ye have hearts and thoughts  
 To feel and think the deeds of men, and hands  
 To do them?

You hunt the chamois, and you've seen him take  
 The precipice, before he'd yield the freedom  
 His Maker gave him; and you are content  
 To live in bonds, that have a thought of freedom  
 Which Heaven ne'er gave the little chamois!  
 Why gaze ye still with blanched cheeks on me?  
 Lack ye the manhood even to look on,  
 And see bold deeds achieved by other's hands?  
 Or is't that cap still holds your thralls to fear?  
 Be free, then! There! Thus do I trample on  
 The insolence of Gesler!

*Knowles.*

6. *Duchess of Gloster's Rage against her Son, Richard III.\**

A grievous burden was thy birth to me;  
 Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy:  
 Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and furious;  
 Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous;  
 Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,—  
 More mild, but yet more harmful, kind in hatred;  
 What comfortable hour canst thou name,  
 That ever grac'd me in thy company?  
 Either thou wilt die by right'ous ordinance  
 Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;  
 Or I with grief and ex'treme rage shall perish,  
 And never more behold thy face again.  
 Therefore, take with thee my most grievous curse;

\* In this piece two words are marked in which the measure of the verse requires the place of the accent to be changed.

Which in the day of battle tire thee more  
 Than all the com'plete armour that thou wear'st !  
 My prayers on the adverse party fight ;  
 And there the little souls of Edward's children  
 Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,  
 And promise them success and victory.  
 Bloody thou art,—bloody will be thy end,—  
 Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend !  
*Shakspeare.*

(2.) HATRED AND REVENGE.

1. *Coriolanus' Hate of the Common People.*

Yon common cry of curs ! whose breath I hate  
 As reek o' the rotten fens ; whose loves I prize  
 As the dead carcasses of unburied men  
 That do corrupt my air ;—I banish you ;—  
 And here remain with your uncertainty !  
 Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts !  
 Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,  
 Fan you into despair ! Have the power still  
 To banish your defenders ; till, at length,  
 Your ignorance (which finds not, till it feels),  
 Making not reservation of yourselves  
 (Still your own foes), deliver you,  
 As most abated captives, to some nation  
 That won you without blows ! Despising  
 For you, the city, thus I turn my back :—  
 There is a world elsewhere.

*Shakspeare.*

2. *Zanga's Hatred of Alonzo.*

'Tis twice five years since that great man  
 (Great let me call him, for he conquered me)  
 Made me the captive of his arm in fight.  
 He slew my father, and threw chains o'er me,  
 While I with pious rage pursued revenge.  
 I then was young ; he placed me near his person,  
 And thought me not dishonoured by his service.

One day—(may that returning day be night,  
 The stain, the curse of each succeeding year !)—  
 For something or for nothing, in his pride  
 He struck me !—(while I tell it, do I live ?)—  
 He smote me on the cheek !—I did not stab him,  
 For that were poor revenge.—E'er since, his folly  
 Hath striven to bury it beneath a heap  
 Of kindness, and thinks it is forgot.  
 Insolent thought ! and, like a second blow !—  
 Has the dark adder venom ?—So have I,  
 When trod upon ! Proud Spaniard, thou shalt feel me !  
*Young.*

### 3. *Shylock's Hatred of Antonio.*

[*Aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks !  
 I hate him, for he is a Christian ;  
 But more, for that, in low simplicity,  
 He lends out money gratis, and brings down  
 The rate of usance here with us in Venice.  
 If I can catch him once upon the hip,  
 I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.  
 He hates our sacred nation, and he rails,  
 Even there, where merchants most do congregate,  
 On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,  
 Which he calls interest ! Cursed be my tribe,  
 If I forgive him ! [*Turning to Antonio.*]  
 Signior Antonio, many a time and oft  
 In the Rialto you have rated me  
 About my moneys and my usances :  
 Still I have borne it with a patient shrug ;  
 For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe :  
 You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,  
 And spat upon my Jewish gaberdine,  
 And all for use of that which is mine own.  
 Well, then, it now appears you need my help :  
 Go to, then ; you come to me, and you say—  
 “ Shylock, we would have moneys.” You say so ;  
 You that did void your rheum upon my beard,

And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur  
 Over your threshold ; moneys is your suit.  
 What should I say to you ? Should I not say—  
 “ Hath a dog money ? is it possible  
 A cur can lend three thousand ducats ? ” or  
 Shall I bend low, and in a bondman’s key,  
 With ’bated breath, and whispering humbleness,  
 Say this—  
 “ Fair Sir, you spat on me on Wednesday last ;  
 You spurn’d me such a day ; another time  
 You call’d me dog ; and for these courtesies  
 I’ll lend you thus much moneys ? ”

*Shakspeare.*

4. *Brutus’ desire to be Revenged on Tarquin.*

Ask ye what brings me here ? Behold this dagger,  
 Clotted with gore ! Behold that frozen corse !  
 See where the lost Lucretia sleeps in death !  
 She was the mark and model of the time,  
 The mould in which each female face was formed,  
 The very shrine and sacristy of virtue !  
 The worthiest of the worthy !

O my countrymen !

You all can witness when that she went forth,  
 It was a holiday in Rome : old age  
 Forgot its crutch ; labour its task ! all ran !  
 And mothers, turning to their daughters, cried—  
 “ There, there’s Lucretia ! ”—Now look where she lies,  
 That beauteous flower, that innocent sweet rose,  
 Torn up by ruthless violence—gone ! gone !  
 Say—would you seek instruction ! would you seek  
 What ye should do ?—Ask ye yon conscious walls  
 Which saw his poison’d brother,—saw his crimes  
 Committed there, and they will cry, Revenge !—  
 Ask yonder senate-house, whose stones are purple  
 With human blood, and it will cry, Revenge !  
 Go to the tomb, where lie his murder’d wife,  
 And the poor queen who lov’d him as her son,—

Their unappeas'd ghosts will shriek, Revenge!  
 The temples of the gods, the all-viewing heaven—  
 The gods themselves—will justify the cry,  
 And swell the general sound—Revenge! Revenge!

*Payne.*

5. *W. Tell's Determination to be Revenged on Gesler.*

'Tis Melctal's voice.

Where are his eyes? Have they put out his eyes?  
 Has Gesler turn'd the little evening of  
 The old man's life to night, before its time?  
 To such black night as sees not with the day  
 All round it! Father, speak; pronounce the name  
 Of Gesler!

Where's Erni? Where's thy son? Is he alive,  
 And are his father's eyes torn out?  
 Could I find

Something to tear—to rend, were't worth it—something  
 Most ravenous and bloody!—something like  
 Gesler!—a wolf!—no, no; a wolf's a lamb  
 To Gesler! It is a natural hunger makes  
 The wolf a savage; and savage as he is,  
 Yet with his kind he gently doth consort,—  
 'Tis but his lawful prey he tears; and that  
 He finishes—not mangles, and then leaves  
 To live! They slander him who call him cruel:  
 He does not know that he is cruel—no—  
 Not when he rends an infant. I would let  
 The wolf go free for Gesler! List, father,  
 List. Father, thou shalt be reveng'd. My Emma,  
 Melctal's thy father: that's his name till I  
 Return. Yes, father, thou shalt be reveng'd!  
 Lead him in, Emma, lead him in; the sun  
 Grows hot—the old man's weak and faint. Mind, father,  
 Mind, thou shalt be reveng'd! In, wife—in—in.  
 Thou shalt be sure reveng'd!

*Knowles.*

6. *Shylock's Gratification in the expectation of Revenge.*

Antonio—a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that used to come so smug upon the mart.—Let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy;—let him look to his bond.

His flesh!—what's that good for?—

If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge! He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated my enemies;—and what's his reason? I am a Jew! Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Is he not fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same summer and winter, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? And, if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villany you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

(*Antonio enters, in custody.*) Gaoler, look to him.

Tell not me of mercy;—

This is the fool that lends out money gratis;—

Gaoler, look to him.

I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond:

Thou called'st me dog, before thou had'st a cause,

But since I am a dog, beware my fangs;

I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:

I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.

I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,  
 To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield  
 To Christian intercessors. Follow not ;  
 I'll have no speaking : I will have my bond.  
*Shakspeare.*

(3.) REMORSE AND DESPAIR.

1. *Description of Remorse.*

And first within the porch and jaws of Hell  
 Sat deep Remorse of Conscience, all besprent  
 With tears ; and to herself oft would she tell  
 Her wretchedness, and cursing never stent  
 'To sob and sigh ; but ever thus lament  
 With thoughtful care, as she that all in vain  
 Would wear and waste continually in pain.  
 Her eyes unsteadfast, rolling here and there,  
 Whirl'd on each place, as place that vengeance  
 brought ;  
 So was her mind continually in fear,  
 Toss'd and tormented by the tedious thought  
 Of those detested crimes which she had wrought :  
 With dreadful cheer and looks thrown to the sky,  
 Wishing for death, and yet she could not die.  
*Earl of Dorset.*

2. *Othello's Remorse.*

But why should honour outlive honesty ?  
 Uncle, I must come forth :  
 Behold ! I have a weapon,—  
 A better never did itself sustain  
 Upon a soldier's thigh : I have seen the day  
 That with this little arm, and this good sword,  
 I have made my way through more impediments  
 Than twice your stop. But, O vain boast !  
 Who can control his fate ? 'Tis not so now !  
 Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd ;  
 Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,  
 And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.

Do you go back dismay'd? 'Tis a lost fear;  
 Make but a rush against Othello's breast,  
 And he retires;—Where should Othello go?  
 Now, how dost thou look now? O, ill-starr'd wench!  
 Pale, as thy sheet! When we shall meet at compt,  
 This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,  
 And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl!  
 O wretched, wretched slave!—Whip me, all ye fiends,  
 From the possession of this heavenly sight!  
 Blow me about in winds! Roast me in sulphur!  
 Wash me in steep-down guilt of liquid fire!—  
 O Desdemona! dead Desdemona, dead—Oh, oh!

*Shakspeare.*

3. *A Mother's violent Grief and Despair.*

(The Lady Constance on the Imprisonment of her Son,  
 Prince Arthur.)

I defy all counsel, all redress  
 But that which ends all counsel, true redress.  
 Death, death, O amiable, lovely death!  
 Thou hate and terror to posterity;—  
 Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st,  
 And kiss thee, as thy wife! Misery's love,  
 O, come to me!  
 I am not mad; this hair I tear is mine;  
 My name is Constance; I was Geoffrey's wife;  
 Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:  
 I am not mad;—I would I were!  
 For then, 'tis like I should forget myself!  
 O, if I could, what grief should I forget!—  
 I am not mad: too well, to well I feel  
 The different plague of each calamity.  
 O, that these hands could so redeem my son,  
 As they have given these hairs their liberty!  
 But now I envy at their liberty,  
 And will again commit them to their bonds,  
 Because my poor child is a prisoner.  
 And now will canker sorrow eat my bud,

And chase the native beauty from his cheek,  
 And he will look as hollow as a ghost,  
 As dim and meagre as an ague's fit ;  
 And so he'll die ; and rising so again,  
 When I shall meet him in the courts of heaven  
 I shall not know him : therefore, never, never  
 Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.  
 Fare you well : had you such a loss as I,  
 I could give better comfort than you do :—  
 Alas ! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son !  
 My life, my joy, my food, my all the world !  
 My widow-comfort, and my sorrows' cure !

*Shakspeare.*

4. *Despair at Separation from a Lover.*

"Parting !" "Farewell !" Am I alive ? Falkner ?  
 Thou lovest me ? I have not offended thee ?  
 I have said nothing to have wrought this change ?  
 Or have I loved thee so devotedly,  
 My very truth is turned into offence ?  
 What have I done, that I should see thee thus,  
 With looks that do avoid, and love me not ?  
 Oh, be thou merciful, and kill me, Falkner !  
 Oh, was it right—or kind—or generous—  
 To woo—yet wound : to sue—yet sting the heart ?  
 Whose only weakness was in too much faith !  
 Hear me !  
 And pause ; yea, pause awhile, my Falkner ;  
 I am not one to bear this agony,  
 Nor wait the gradual breaking of a heart ;  
 And should we meet, indeed, no more on earth,  
 Then tremble, Falkner, lest we meet hereafter !  
 No, say it not !  
 Thou wilt not say "farewell ?"  
 Oh, Falkner, show some pity ; or, if thou goest,  
 Then fear what I may do ! Fear and despair !  
 I am distracted, wild—'twere madness now  
 To leave me to myself.

I know not what to do—or what may do !  
I am distraught with more than brain can bear.

*C. Swain.*

*5. Death-bed Despair.*

“Pray you that can”—he said—“I never prayed. I cannot pray. Heaven closes with my conscience. Its severest strokes but second my own.”

“Let me speak on. I have not long to speak. My much injured friend ! my soul—as my body—lies in ruins ; in scattered fragments of broken thought ! Remorse for the past, throws my thought on the future. Worse dread of the future, strikes it back on the past. I turn, and turn, and find no ray. Did you feel half the mountain that is on me, you would struggle with the martyr for his stake, and bless Heaven for the flames !—That is not an everlasting flame ;—that is not an unquenchable fire !”

And then, with what an eye of distraction, what a face of despair, he cried out—“My principles have poisoned my friend ! my extravagance has beggared my boy ! my unkindness has murdered my wife ! And is there another Hell ? Oh ! Hell itself will be a refuge, if it hide me from thy frown !”—*Young.*

*6. Despair with Madness.*

(The Death of Cardinal Beaufort.)

If thou be’st Death, I’ll give thee England’s treasure,  
Enough to purchase such another island,  
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain !  
Ah !—

Bring me unto my trial when you will.  
Died he not in his bed ? Where should he die ?  
Can I make men live, whether they will or no ?  
Oh, torture me no more, I will confess—  
Alive again ? Then show me where he is :  
I’ll give a thousand pounds to look upon him.  
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them ;

Comb down his hair !—look ! look ! it stands upright,  
 Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul.  
 Give me some drink, and bid th' apothecary  
 Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

*Shakspeare.*

#### VI.—*Impassioned Sentiment.*

The passions have their origin in the constitutional nature of man, but their exciting cause is generally to be found in the sympathies of virtue or the incitements of vice. To a like source we may trace many sentiments of a highly emotional character, which, although not expressing themselves in the language of passion, are frequently its precursor, and evince great depth of feeling.

Such sentiments require, in reading, that the excitement of passion should be avoided, but feeling and expression be duly regarded.

The following Examples will sufficiently illustrate subjects of this class :—

##### 1. *A noble-minded Abhorrence of Slavery.*

Yes, to keep sadness sullenly resigned,  
 He feels his body's bondage in his mind ;  
 Puts off his generous nature ; and, to suit  
 His manners with his fate, puts on the brute.  
 O, most degrading of all ills, that wait  
 On man,—a mourner in his best estate !  
 All other sorrows virtue may endure,  
 And find submission more than half a cure ;  
 Grief is itself a medicine, and bestow'd  
 T' improve the fortitude that bears the load,—  
 To teach the wanderer, as his woes increase,  
 The path of Wisdom, all whose paths are peace ;  
 But Slavery !—Virtue dreads it as her grave :  
*Patience itself is meanness in a slave !*

I would not have a slave to till my ground,  
 To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,  
 And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth  
 That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.  
 No : dear as freedom is, and in my heart's  
 Just estimation, prized above all price,  
 I had much rather be myself the slave,  
 And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.  
 Slaves cannot breathe in England ! If their lungs  
 Receive our air, that moment they are free ;  
 They touch our country and their shackles fall.  
 That's noble ! and bespeaks a nation proud  
 And jealous of the blessing. Spread it, then,  
 And let it circulate through ev'ry vein  
 Of all your empire :—that where Britain's power  
 Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too !

*Cowper.*

2. *A high regard for Woman's Reputation.*

A woman's name is linked to something holy !  
 It is a thing to love—to estimate—  
 To honour—to defend ; a woman's *name* !—  
 Oh ! 'tis her wealth, her power, her patrimony ;  
 Which *wanting*, opulence is beggary ;  
 All other strength, all other vigour—weakness !  
 It is the very magnet of her life ;  
 The charm, the grace, the sweetness of her being ;  
 And he whose rancorous breath—or viler still—  
 Whose coward treachery that name assails,  
 Is villain deeper stained than language finds  
 Contempt for !

*C. Swain.*

VII.—*Point and Wit.*

Point and Wit require a ready perception of the  
 word or words on which their force depends, and also

a happy mode of expression and intonation to read with effect, and do justice to the author's meaning.

The *Epigram*, *Repartee*, *Sarcasm*, *Facetiæ*, and *Anecdote*, may be regarded as subjects of this kind.

When different persons are represented as speaking, there must be a corresponding difference of voice in their respective parts.

#### (1.) EPIGRAM.

The Epigram is always concluded with some pointed remark, often witty, but always forcible, whether humorous or serious; and requires to be read in that unpretentious manner, which lays due stress upon the main points, and gives them pungency and quick effect, without the appearance of a studied purpose.

##### 1. Wit Described.

As in smooth oil, the razor best is whet,  
So wit is by politeness sharpest set;  
Their want of edge, from their offence is seen;  
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.

*Young.*

##### 2. An Epigram described.

One day in Chelsea meadows walking  
Of poetry and such things talking,

Says Ralph, a merry wag—  
“An epigram, if smart and good,  
In all its circumstances should  
Be like a jelly-bag.”

“Your simile, I own, is new,  
But how wilt make it out?” says Hugh.

Quoth Ralph, “I’ll tell thee, friend,—  
Make it at top both wide and fit  
To hold a budget full of wit,  
And *point it* at the end.”

*Anon.*

3. *The Manchester Millers, named Bone and Skin.*

Bone and Skin, two millers thin,  
 Would starve us all, or near it ;  
 But be it known to Skin and Bone,  
 That flesh and blood can't bear it.

*Dr. Byrom.*

4. *On seeing the Leaves of a well-bound Book Worm-eaten.*

Through and through the inspired leaves,  
 Ye maggots, make your windings ;  
 But, oh ! respect his lordship's taste,  
 And spare his golden bindings.

*Burns.*

5. *"Dum vivimus vivamus." (While we live, let us live.)*

"Live whilst you live," the epicure would say,  
 "And taste the pleasures of the passing day,"  
 "Live whilst you live," the sacred preacher cries,  
 "And give to God each moment as it flies."  
 Lord ! in my life let both united be ;  
 I live to pleasure, if I live to Thee.

*Dr. Doddridge.*

6. *On Robert Bloomfield.*

Bloomfield, thy happy-omen'd name  
 Ensures continuance to thy fame ;  
 Both sense and truth this verdict give,—  
 While *fields* shall *bloom*, thy name shall live !

*H. Kirke White.*

7. *Waller's Excuse to Charles II.*

When Charles, at once a monarch and a wit,  
 Some smooth, soft flatt'ry read, by Waller writ,  
 (Waller, who erst to sing was not asham'd,  
 That "Heaven in storms, great Cromwell's soul had  
 claim'd,")

Turn'd to the bard, and with á smile, said he—  
 "Your strains for *Crom.* excel your strains for *me.*"

The wit, his cheeks with conscious blushes red,  
 Thus to the king return'd, and bow'd his head :—  
 " We bards, so Heav'n and all the Nine decreed,  
 In *fiction* better than in *truth* succeed."

8. *On Interfering in the Quarrels of others.*

As Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,  
 He took to the street, and he fled for his life :  
 Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble,  
 And sav'd him at once from the shrew and the rabble ;  
 Then ventur'd to give him some sober advice ;—  
 But Tom is a person of honour so nice,  
 Too wise to take counsel, too proud to take warning,  
 That he sent to all three a challenge next morning :  
 Three duels he fought, thrice he ventur'd his life ;  
 Went home—and was cudgell'd again by his wife.

*Dean Swift.*

(2.) REPARTEE.

The Repartee is a short, sharp, witty reply, partaking very much of the character of an epigram, and, like it, depending for effect on the skill and tones with which the points are brought out.

1. *Dispute between Dr. Radcliffe and Sir Godfrey Kneller.*

Sir Godfrey and Radcliffe had one common way  
 Into one common garden—and each had a key.  
 Quoth Kneller, " I'll certainly stop up that door,  
 If ever I find it unlock'd any more."  
 " Your threats," replied Radcliffe, " disturb not my ease,  
 And so you don't *paint* it, e'en do what you please."  
 " You're smart," rejoins Kneller, " but say what you will,  
 I'll *take* any thing from you,—save *potion* and *pill*."

*Anon.*

2. *Reproof of Vanity.*

Says a beau to a lady, " Pray, name if you can,  
 Of all your acquaintance, the handsomest man ?"  
 The lady reply'd—" If you'd have me speak true,  
 He's the handsomest man, that's the most unlike you."

*Anon.*

3. *Reproof of Conceit.*

Young Henry vows, nay, does declare,  
 He'll dance with none but what are fair—  
 Suppose we women should dispense  
 Our hands to none but men of sense—  
 "Suppose,—well, madam—and what then?"  
 "Why, sir, you'd never dance again."

*Anon.*

4. *Miscalculation.*

Says Giles, "My wife and I are two;  
 Yet faith! I know not why, sir!"  
 Quoth Jack, "You're ten, if I speak true;—  
 She's one, and you're a cypher."

*Anon.*

5. *Wit and Repartee, under Difficulties.*

Now Gilpin had a ready wit,  
 And lov'd a timely joke,  
 And thus unto the Calender  
 In merry guise he spoke:—  
 "I came, because your horse would come;  
 And if I well forbode,  
 My hat and wig will soon be here,  
 They are upon the road."  
 The Calender right glad to find  
 His friend in merry pin,  
 Return'd him not a single word,  
 But to the house went in;  
 Whence straight he came with hat and wig;—  
 A wig that flow'd behind,  
 A hat not much the worse for wear,  
 Each comely in its kind:  
 He held them up, and in his turn  
 Thus show'd his ready wit;—  
 "My head is twice as big as your's,  
 They therefore needs must fit."

*Cowper.*

6. *A Severe Retort.*

As Quin and Foote  
 One day walk'd out  
 To view the country round,  
 In merry mood  
 They chatting stood  
 Hard by the village Pound.  
 Foote from his poke  
 A shilling took,  
 And said, "I'll bet a penny,  
 In a short space,  
 Within this place,  
 I'll make this piece a guinea."  
 Upon the ground,  
 Within the Pound,  
 The shilling soon was thrown;  
 "Behold," says Foote,  
 "The thing's made out,  
 For there is One Pound One."  
 "I wonder not,"  
 Says Quin, "that thought  
 Should in your head be found;  
 Since that's the way  
 Your debts you pay—  
 One Shilling in the Pound."

*Anon.*(3.) *FACETIÆ.*

Facetiæ, or writings of humour, have all the variety which mirth, amusement, wit, and fun can supply. Their varied character, in reading, must be duly preserved, and their points be well brought out. To do this, such tones and modulations of the voice must be adopted as will give a correct, but not exaggerated impression of the meaning and object of the writer; at the same time all coarseness and ill-adapted merriment must be strictly avoided.

1. *Humorous Caricature of Popular Valor and Oratory.*

It was a piteous sight to behold the late valiant burgomasters of New Amsterdam, who had demolished the whole British empire in their harangues, peeping ruefully out of their hiding-places, and then crawling cautiously forth, dodging through narrow lanes and alleys; starting at every little dog that barked, as though it had been a discharge of artillery—mistaking lamp-posts for British grenadiers, and in the excess of their panic, metamorphosing pumps into formidable soldiers, levelling blunderbuses at their bosoms!

Having, however, in despite of numerous perils and difficulties of the kind, arrived without the loss of a single man in front of the Stadt-house, they appointed as chairman, one Dofue Roerback, a mighty ginger-bread baker, who was the first that imprinted new-year's cakes with the mysterious hieroglyphics of the cock and breeches, and such like magical devices.

This great burgomaster addressed the greasy multitude in what is called a patriotic speech; speaking of the governor in high-sounding terms, and comparing him to "*Nero*," "*Caligula*," and those other great men of yore, who are occasionally quoted by popular orators on similar occasions;—assuring the people that "the history of the world" did not contain a despotic outrage to equal the present for "atrocities, cruelty, and blood-thirstiness;" and that "it would be recorded in letters of fire on the blood-stained tablet of history!" with a variety of other heart-rending, soul-stirring tropes and figures, which I cannot enumerate; neither, indeed, need I, for they were exactly the same that are used in all popular harangues and patriotic orations at the present day, and may be classed in rhetoric under the general title of "*RIGMAROLE*."—*Washington Irving*.

2. *The amusement of Jaques on meeting a Fool or Jester.*

A fool, a fool;—I met a fool i' th' forest,  
A motley fool: a miserable varlet!

As I do live by food, I met a fool,  
 Who laid him down, and bask'd him in the sun,  
 And rail'd on lady fortune in good terms,  
 In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.  
 Good morrow, fool, quoth I. “No, sir,” quoth he;  
 “Call me not fool, till gain hath got me fortune.”  
 And then he drew a dial from his poke,  
 And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,  
 Says very wisely, “It is ten o'clock:  
 Thus may we see,” quoth he, “how the world wags;  
 'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,  
 And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;  
 And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,  
 And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,  
 And thereby hangs a tale.” When I did hear  
 The motley fool thus moral on the time,  
 My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,  
 That fools should be so deep contemplative:  
 And I did laugh sans\* intermission  
 An hour by his dial.

*Shakspeare.*

3. *A Humorous and Witty Illustration of Artifice and Honesty.*

(The Pilgrim and the Peas.)

A brace of sinners, for no good,  
 Were order'd to the Virgin Mary's shrine,  
 Who at Loretto dwelt in wax, stone, wood,  
 And in a fair white wig, look'd wondrous fine.  
 Fifty long miles had these sad rogues to travel,  
 With something in their shoes much worse than gravel;  
 In short, their toes so gently to amuse,  
 The priest had order'd peas into their shoes.  
 The knaves set off on the same day,  
 Peas in their shoes, to go and pray,

\* French—"sans," without.

But very diff'rent was their speed, I wot;  
 One of the sinners gallop'd on,  
 Light as a bullet from a gun;  
 The other limp'd, as if he had been shot.

One saw the Virgin soon—*peccavi* cried—  
 Had his soul whitewash'd all so clever;  
 Then home again he nimbly hied,  
 Made fit, with saints above, to live for ever.

In coming back, however, let me say,  
 He met his brother rogue, about half-way—  
 Hobbling with outstretched back and bended knees,  
 Harrass'd and tortured by these horrid peas;  
 His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brows in sweat,  
 Deep sympathising with his groaning feet.

"How now," the light-toed, whitewash'd pilgrim broke,  
 "You lazy lubber!"

"Oh, pity!" cried the other, "'tis no *joke*!—  
 My feet, once hard as any rock,  
 And now as soft as blubber.

"Excuse me, Virgin Mary—for I fear,  
 As for Loretto, I shall ne'er get there:  
 No—to destruction my poor soul must go,  
 For walk I cannot;—I've lost ev'ry toe!

"But, brother sinner, do explain  
 How 'tis that you are not in pain;  
 What power has work'd a wonder for *your* toes;  
 Whilst *I*, just like a snail am crawling,  
 Now fretting, now on saints devoutly bawling,  
 While not a rascal comes to ease my woes?

"How is't that you can like a greyhound go,  
 Merry, as if that nought had happen'd—burn ye!"  
 "Why," cried the other, grinning, "you must know  
 That just before I ventur'd on my journey,  
 To walk a little more at ease,  
 I took the liberty to boil *my* peas."

*Peter Pinder.*

## (4.) IRONY.

Under this head, three forms of the same trope, or figure of speech, may be mentioned, viz., *Satire*, *Sarcasm*, and *Irony*, properly so called.

*Satire* often avails itself of the ridiculous, and is generally a humorous and amusing manner of exposing faults and inconsistencies.

*Sarcasm* adopts a severe and bitter style of reproach, and applies to follies and improprieties of a more serious character.

*Irony* is used when the feelings are strongly excited, and has recourse to direct contraries to convey its censure and condemnation.

To read either of these figures with effect, the points on which their force depends, must be clearly and well expressed; but a marked difference obviously requires to be made between the humour of satire, the severity of sarcasm, and the excitement of irony. The subject must be understood and felt.

## (1.) SATIRE.

1. *Satire Ineffectual when Inapplicable.*

Who cries out on "pride,"  
That can therein tax any private party?  
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,  
Till that the mere exhausted means do ebb?  
What woman in the city do I name  
When that I say—"The city woman" bears  
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?  
Who can come in and say—that I mean her,  
When such an one as she, such is her neighbour?  
Or, what is he of basest function,  
That says his "Finery" is not at my cost  
(Thinking I mean him),—but therein suits  
His folly to the mettle of my speech?  
There, then;—How, then?—What, then? Let me see  
    *wherein*

My tongue hath wrong'd him : If it do him right,  
 Then he hath wrong'd himself ; if he be free,  
 Why then my taxing,\* like a wild goose, flies  
 Unclaim'd of any man.

*Shakspeare.*

2. *Satirical description of a Nobleman.*

A man so various, that he seem'd to be  
 Not one, but all mankind's epitome :  
 Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong ;  
 Was everything by starts, and nothing long ;  
 But in the course of one revolving moon,  
 Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon.  
 Railing and praising were his usual themes ;  
 And both, to show his judgment, in extremes.  
 In squandering wealth was his peculiar art ;  
 Nothing went unrewarded but desert.  
 Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late ;  
 He had his jest, and they had his estate.  
 He laugh'd himself from court ; then sought relief  
 By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief.  
 Thus wicked but in will, of means bereft,  
 He left not faction, but of that was left.

*Dryden.*

3. *Satire on ignorant Patrons and parasitical Authors.*

And now the *Queen*, to glad her sons, proclaims,  
 By herald hawkers, high heroic games.  
 They summon all her race :—an endless band  
 Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land ;  
 A motley mixture ! in long wigs and bags,  
 In silks, in crapes, in garters, and in rags,—  
 From drawing-rooms, from colleges, from garrets,—  
 On horse, on foot, in hacks, in gilded chariots ;—  
 All who true *Dunces* in her cause appear'd,  
 And all who knew those *Dunces* to reward.

\* Reproach.

And now for Authors, noble palms remain :—  
 Room for my lord ! three jockeys in his train ;  
 Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair ;  
 He grins, and looks broad nonsense with a stare.  
 His honour's meaning, *Dulness* thus express'd :—  
 " He wins *this Patron*, who can tickle best."  
 He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state,  
 With ready quills the Dedicators wait ;  
 Now at his head, the dexterous task commence,—  
 And, instant, Fancy feels the imputed sense.  
 Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face ;—  
 He struts Adonis, and affects grimace.  
 Rolli the feather to his ear conveys ;—  
 Then his nice taste directs our operas.  
 Bently his mouth with classic flattery opes,  
 And the puff'd orator bursts out in tropes ;  
 But Welsted, most the poet's healing balm,  
 Strives to extract from his soft, giving palm.  
 Unlucky Welsted ! thy unfeeling master,  
 The more thou ticklest, gripes his fist the faster.  
 While thus each hand promotes the pleasing pain,  
 And quick sensations skip from vein to vein,  
 A youth, unknown to Phœbus, in despair,  
 Puts his last refuge all in Heaven and prayer ;—  
 What force have pious vows, the prize to carry !  
 He marches off, his grace's secretary.

Pope.

4. *Hotspur's Sarcastic description of a Foppish Nobleman on the Field of Battle.*

My liege, I did deny no prisoners.  
 But I remember, when the fight was done,  
 When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,  
 Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,  
 Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,  
 Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin, new reap'd,  
 Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest home :  
 He was perfum'd like a milliner ;

And 'twixt his finger and his thumb, he held  
 A pouncet-box, which ever and anon  
 He gave his nose, and took't away again ;  
 Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,  
 Took it in snuff : and still he smil'd and talk'd ;  
 And as the soldiers bare dead bodies by,  
 He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,  
 To bring a slovenly, unhandsome corse  
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.  
 With many holiday and lady terms  
 He question'd me ; among the rest, demanded  
 My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.  
 I then, all smarting with my wounds, being vex'd  
 To be so pester'd with a popinjay,  
 Out of my grief and my impatience  
 Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what ;  
 He should, or he should not ;—for he made me mad,  
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,  
 And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,  
 Of guns, and drums, and wounds,—  
 And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth  
 Was sparmaceti for an inward bruise ;  
 And that it was great pity, so it was,  
 That villainous saltpetre should be digg'd  
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd  
 So cowardly ; and but for these vile guns,  
 He would himself have been a soldier.

*Shakspeare.*

5. *Cassius' Sarcastic and Ironical description of Cæsar's Infirmities.*

Once upon a raw und gusty day,  
 The troubled Tyber chafing with her shores,  
 Cæsar said to me—"Dar'st thou, Cassius, now  
 Leap with me into this angry flood,  
 And swim to yonder point !" Upon the word,  
 Accouter'd as I was, I plung'd in,  
 And bade him follow : so, indeed, he did.

The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it  
 With lusty sinews ; throwing it aside,  
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy.  
 But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,  
 Cæsar cried—" Help me, Cassius, or I sink."  
 I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,  
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder  
 The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tyber  
 Did I the tired Cæsar : and this man  
 Is now become a god ; and Cassius is  
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body,  
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.  
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,  
 And, when this fit was on him, I did mark  
 How he did shake. 'Tis true, this god did shake :  
 His coward lips did from their colour fly ;  
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,  
 Did lose its lustre : I did hear him groan :  
 Aye, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans  
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,  
 Alas ! it cried—" Give me some drink, Titinius,"  
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,  
 A man of such a feeble temper should  
 So get the start of the majestic world,  
 And bear the palm alone.

*Shakspeare.*

6. *Ironical description of Infidelity.*

But it seems this is an *Age of Reason*, and the time  
 and the person are at last arrived, that are to dissipate  
 the errors which have overspread the past generations  
 of ignorance. The believers in Christianity are many ;  
 but it belongs to the few that are wise, to correct their  
 credulity. Belief is an act of reason, and superior  
 reason may, therefore, dictate to the weak. In con-  
 templating the long list of sincere and devout Chris-  
 tians, I cannot help lamenting that Newton had not  
 lived to this day, to have had his shallowness filled up

with this new flood of light. But the subject is too awful for irony.—*Erskine*.

7. *Ironical Condemnation of British Rule in India.*

If a stranger, ignorant of all that had happened in the short time since the death of Sujah Dowla, had gone into the province of Oude, and observing the wide and general devastation, and all the horrors of the scene, he would naturally inquire what man had thus laid waste the fertile fields of this once beautiful and opulent country,—what civil dissensions have happened, thus to tear asunder and separate the happy societies that once possessed these villages,—what disputed succession—what religious rage has, with unholy violence, demolished those temples, and disturbed fervent, but unobtruding piety, in the exercise of its duties? What merciless enemy hath thus spread the horrors of fire and sword,—what severe visitation of Providence has dried up the fountain, and taken from the face of the earth every vestige of verdure? Or rather, what monsters have stalked over the country, tainting and poisoning, with pestiferous breath, what the voracious appetite could not devour? To such questions, what must be the answer? No wars have ravaged these lands and depopulated these villages,—no civil discord has been felt,—no disputed succession,—no religious rage,—no cruel enemy,—no affliction of Providence, which, while it scourged for the moment, cut off the sources of resuscitation,—no voracious and poisoning monsters,—no,—all this has been accomplished by the *friendship, generosity, and kindness* of the ENGLISH NATION.—*Sheridan*.

(5.) ANECDOTE.

*Anecdotes* are tales generally introduced to confirm or illustrate some subject with which they are connected. In reading, their point must be happily and unpretentiously expressed, in order to convey that

humour or force which the writer or speaker has in view. They frequently assume the form of dialogue; requiring a distinction of the persons speaking to be characteristically maintained.

1. *Anecdote against deceiving Children.*

His love of sincerity, in words and actions, was constantly apparent. Once, while he was spending an evening at the house of a friend, a lady who was there on a visit, retired, that her little girl, of four years old, might go to bed. She returned in about half an hour, and said to a lady near her—"She is gone to sleep. I put on my night-cap, and lay down by her, and she soon dropped off." Mr. Hall, who overheard this, said—"Excuse me, madam; do you wish your child to grow up a liar?" "Oh, dear! no, sir; I should be shocked at such a thing." "Then bear with me while I say, you must never *act a lie* before her; children are very quick observers, and soon learn that that which assumes to be what it is not, is a lie, whether acted or spoken." This was uttered with a kindness which precluded offence, yet with a seriousness which could not be forgotten.—*Dr. Gregory's Memoirs of Robert Hall.*

2. *Characteristic Anecdote of Abernethy.*

Some people are dreadfully condescending, and cannot avoid seizing upon every small opportunity of making their greatness felt. When Abernethy was canvassing for the office of Surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, he called upon such a person—a rich grocer, one of the governors. The great man behind his counter, seeing the great surgeon enter, immediately assumed the grand air towards the supposed suppliant for his vote. "I presume, sir, you want my vote and interest at this momentous epoch of your life?" Abernethy, who hated humbugs, and felt nettled at the tone, replied—"No, I don't; I want a pennyworth of

figs : come, look sharp and wrap them up ; I want to be off!"—*S. Smiles.*

### 3. *Anecdotes on Friendship.*

Dear Joseph—five and twenty years ago—  
Alas, how time escapes !—'tis even so—  
With frequent intercourse, and always sweet,  
And always friendly, we were wont to cheat  
A tedious hour—and now we never meet !

Changes befall, and friends, we know, may part,  
But distance only cannot change the heart :  
And were I call'd to prove th' assertion true,  
One proof should serve,—a reference to you.

Whence comes it, then, that in the wane of life,  
Though nothing have occurred to kindle strife,  
We find the friends we fancied we had won,  
Though num'rous once, reduced to few or none ?  
Can gold grow worthless, that has stood the touch ?  
No : gold they seem'd, but they were never such.

Horatio's servant once, with bow and cringe,  
Swinging the parlour door upon its hinge,  
Dreading a negative, and overaw'd  
Lest he should trespass, begg'd to go abroad.

"Go, fellow !—whither ?"—turning short about—

"Nay ; stay at home—you're always going out."

"'Tis but a step, sir, just at the street's end."

"For what ?"—"An't please you, sir, to see a friend."

"A friend !" Horatio cried, and seem'd to start :

"Yea, marry, shalt thou, and with all my heart ;  
And fetch my cloak ; for though the night be raw,  
I'll see him too—the first I ever saw."

I knew the man, and knew his nature mild,  
And was his plaything often when a child ;  
But somewhat at that moment pinch'd him close,  
Else he was seldom bitter or morose :  
Howe'er it was, his language, in my mind,  
Bespoke at least a man that knew mankind.

(I hate long arguments verbosely spun)  
 One story more, dear Hill, and I have done :  
 Once on a time, an emp'ror—a wise man—  
 No matter where, of China or Japan,  
 Decreed, that whosoever should offend  
 Against the well-known duties of a friend,  
 Convicted once, should ever after wear  
 But half a coat, and show his bosom bare :  
 The punishment importing this, no doubt,  
 That all was nought within, and all found out.

O happy Britain ! we have not to fear  
 Such hard and arbitrary measures here ;  
 Else, could a law, like that which I relate,  
 Once have the sanction of our triple state,  
 Some few, that I have known in days of old,  
 Would run most dreadful risk of catching cold :  
 While you, my friend, whatever wind should blow,  
 Might traverse England safely to and fro,  
 An honest man, close button'd to the chin,  
 Broad cloth without, and a warm heart within.

*Cowper to Joseph Hill, Esq.*

## Part III.

### READING OF SUBJECTS.

#### I.—*Object of the following Exercises.*

The aim of the First Part of this work was to familiarize the pupil with the powers and pliability of his own voice, as based upon its natural pitch ; and of the Second, to teach him the natural expressiveness of certain tones of his voice, and their connexion with various sentiments and emotions of the mind. But to continue his instruction no further, would probably lead him to form very incorrect notions as to the main purposes of composition and reading ; and cause him to regard ornament as essential, rather than exceptive, in relation to style ; and the highest emotions of the mind, as the result of ordinary, rather than the most exciting, impulses.

Here, therefore, it is desirable to introduce a series of Exercises, in which the simple, ornamental, and emotional styles of reading may appear in their proper place and relationship ; and although, from the necessary brevity of this work, essays, narratives, and speeches cannot be introduced in extenso, such selections have been made as will answer the intended purpose.

#### II.—*Reading Aloud, Reciting, and Gesture.*

Reading aloud, as a daily exercise, whether in the school or in private, and, as frequently as possible, in the open air, is to be strongly recommended.

Continuous reading aloud for fixed periods is necessary to obtain a full command of the voice and breath, and for acquiring a habit of breathing easily, particularly through the nostrils, in the act of reading.

Selections from good poetry and the higher class of prose may be committed to memory with great advantage. They purify the taste, improve the sentiment, and enlarge and ennoble the mind.

The recitation of such selections is also beneficial for the improvement of the voice; and is effectual for arousing and rightly directing the sympathies of the reciter.

In all recitations, vociferation, display, and affectation must be carefully guarded against. Some regard to look and gesture is, however, necessary in reciting. Here it is the office of the teacher to encourage what is natural, and to check what is formal, stiff, and merely habitual; and it should be the study of the pupil to use only such action and such expression of the eye and countenance as most naturally accord with the subject he is delivering.

The eye and hand, under the direction of nature, will act simultaneously, and with mutual sympathy.

Excessive and affected action is vulgar and offensive; unsuitable and merely formal action, or action out of time, is ineffectual and ridiculous; while a total want of action indicates a want of proper feeling, and the absence of due appreciation of the author's sentiments.

### III.—*Didactic Pieces.*

Didactic or instructive pieces, and pieces intended simply to direct the action of others,—although admitting great variety of sentiment, and requiring different degrees of energy and intonation in the delivery,—are classed among the least impassioned styles of writing, and are generally read with most effect when the tones used in conversation and ordinary explanation are consistently adopted.

1. *On the Law of Gravitation.*

The principle upon which the motions of the earth, moon, and planets are calculated, is this :—Every particle of matter *attracts* every ~~other~~ particle. That is, if there were a single body alone, ~~and~~ at rest, then, if a second body were brought near it, the first body would immediately begin to move toward the second body. Just in the same manner, if a needle is at rest on a table, and if a magnet is brought near it, the needle immediately begins to move towards the magnet, and we say that the magnet attracts the needle, But magnetic attraction belongs only to certain bodies : whereas the attraction, of which we speak here, belongs to all bodies of every kind,—metals, earths, fluids, and even the air and gases, are equally subject to its influence.

Attraction, or (as it is technically called) *the Law of Gravitation*, is measured by the space through which it draws a body in one second of time after the body is set at liberty. Whenever we speak, therefore, of calculating attraction, it must be understood to mean calculating the number of inches, or feet, through which the attraction draws a body in one second of time.

Now the first rule is this :—“ The attraction of one body upon another does not depend on the mass of the body which is attracted, but is the same, whatever be the mass of the body so attracted, if the distances are the same.” Thus, Jupiter attracts the sun, and Jupiter attracts the earth also ; but though the sun’s mass is three hundred thousand times as great as the earth, yet the attraction of Jupiter on the sun is exactly equal to his attraction on the earth, when the sun and the earth are equally distant from Jupiter. In other words (the attraction being measured in conformity with the definition above), when the sun and the earth are at equal distances from Jupiter, the attraction of Jupiter draws the sun through as many inches, or parts of an

inch, in one second of time, as it draws the earth in the same time.

The second rule is this :—"Attraction is proportional to the mass of the body which attracts, if the distances of the different attracting bodies be the same." Thus, suppose the sun and Jupiter are at equal distances from Saturn; the sun is about a thousand times as big as Jupiter; then whatever be the number of inches through which Jupiter draws Saturn in one second of time, the sun draws Saturn in the same time through a thousand times that number of inches.

The third rule is this :—"If the same attracting body act upon several bodies at different distances, the attractions are inversely proportional to the square of the distances from the attracting body." Thus, supposing Saturn ten times as far from the sun as the earth is, the sun's attraction upon Saturn is only one-hundredth part of his attraction on the earth.

The accuracy of astronomical observations is carried to a degree that can scarcely be imagined; and by means of these, we can every day compare the observed place of a planet with the place which was calculated beforehand, according to the law of gravitation. It is found that they agree so nearly, as to leave no doubt of the truth of the law. The motion of Jupiter, for instance, is so perfectly calculated, that astronomers have computed ten years beforehand the time at which it will pass the meridian of different places, and we find the predicted time correct within half a second of time.—*Professor Airy.*

## 2. *Hamlet's directions for a Correct Delivery.*

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier had spoke my lines. And do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus—: but use all gently: for in the very *torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your*

passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. Be not too tame neither; but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of one of which must, in your allowance, outweigh a whole theatre of others.—*Shakspeare.*

#### IV.—*Narration and Description.*

Simple *Narration* or *Description*, in prose, affords little opportunity for emotional reading: it is best expressed in conversational tones, and requires only a distinct and clear enunciation, with very slight inflections of the voice, and such attention to natural pauses as will enable the hearer to understand what is read.

Poetical Description comes under the ordinary rules for reading poetry.

##### 1. *A Family of Rank described.*

I was particularly struck with the family of a nobleman of high rank, consisting of several sons and daughters. Nothing could be more simple and unassuming than their appearance. They generally came to church in the plainest equipage, and often on foot. The young ladies would stop and converse in the kindest manner with the peasantry, caress the children, and listen to the stories of the humble cottagers. Their countenances were open and beautifully fair, with an expression of high refinement, but, at the same time, a frank cheerfulness, and an engaging affability. Their

brothers were tall, and elegantly formed. They were dressed fashionably, but simply; with strict neatness and propriety, but without any mannerism or foppishness. I was pleased to see the manner in which they would converse with the peasantry about their rural concerns and field-sports. In these conversations there was neither haughtiness on the one part, nor servility on the other; and you were only reminded of the difference of rank by the habitual respect of the peasant. There is a healthful hardiness about real dignity, that never dreads contact and communication with others, however humble. It is only spurious pride that is morbid and sensitive, and shrinks from every touch.—  
*Washington Irving.*

2. *The Village Schoolmaster described.*

Beside yon straggling fence, that skirts the way  
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay—  
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,  
The village master taught his little school.  
A man severe he was, and stern to view,  
I knew him well, and every truant knew:  
Well had the boding trembler learn'd to trace  
The day's disasters in his morning face;  
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,  
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;  
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,  
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd.—  
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,  
The love he bore to learning was in fault.  
The village all declared how much he knew;  
'Twas certain he could write and cypher too;  
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage;  
And e'en the story ran that he could gauge.—  
In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill;  
For e'en though vanquish'd, he could argue still;  
While words of learned length and thund'ring sound,  
Amaz'd the gazing rustics ranged around,—

And still they gazed, and still their wonder grew  
That one small head should carry all he knew.

*Goldsmith.*

*Narration* and *Description* may, however, assume a highly emotional character ; and in such case, must be read with corresponding earnestness and impressiveness. Quotations may be introduced, which must be read with due regard to the emotions and character of the persons by whom they were spoken.

3. *Description of the Fight between Fitz-James and Roderick Dhu.*

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,  
That on the field his targe he threw,  
Whose brazen studs and tough ball-hide  
Had death so often dashed aside ;  
For trained abroad his arms to wield,  
Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.  
He practised every pass and ward,  
To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard ;  
While less expert, though stronger far,  
The Gael maintained unequal war.  
Three times in closing strife they stood,  
And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood ;  
No stinted draught, no scanty tide,  
The gushing flood the tartans dyed.  
Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,  
And showered his blows like wintry rain ;  
And, as firm rock or castle-roof,  
Against the wintry shower is proof,  
The foe invulnerable still,  
Foiled his wild rage by steady skill ;  
Till at advantage ta'en, his brand  
Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,

And backward, borne upon the lea,  
 Brought the proud chieftain to his knee.  
 "Now, yield thee, or by Death's dark shade,  
 Thy inmost heart's blood dyes my blade!"  
 "Thy threats, thy mercy I defy!  
 Let recreant yield who fears to die."  
 Like adder darting from his coil,  
 Like wolf that dashes through the toil,  
 Like mountain-cat who guards her young,  
 Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung;  
 Received, but reck'd not of a wound,  
 And locked his arms his foeman round.—  
 Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!  
 No maiden's hand is round thee thrown!  
 That desperate grasp thy frame might feel,  
 Through bars of brass and triple steel!—  
 They tug, they strain! down, down they go.  
 The Gael above, Fitz-James below.  
 The chieftain's gripe his throat compressed,  
 His knee was planted in his breast;  
 His clotted locks he backward threw,  
 Across his brow his hand he drew,  
 From blood and mist to clear his sight,  
 Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright!—  
 But hate and fury ill supplied  
 The stream of life's exhausted tide,  
 And all too late the advantage came  
 To turn the odds of deadly game;  
 For, while the dagger gleamed on high,  
 Reel'd soul and sense, reel'd brain and eye,  
 Down came the blow! but in the heath  
 The erring blade found bloodless sheath.  
 The struggling foe may now unclasp  
 The fainting chief's relaxing grasp;  
 Unwounded from the dreadful close,  
 But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

*Walter Scott.*

4. *Description of a Warrior Dying.*

In his dim chamber, on his couch of Ind,  
 Hung round with crest, and sword, and knightly  
     vane,  
 Was stretch'd a cuirass'd form, that inly pin'd  
     With memories keener than his mortal pain ;—  
 And oft around his darkening eyes would strain,  
     As if some evil visitant was come ;  
 Then press his wasted hand upon his brain,—  
     Mutter low words,—and beckon through the gloom,  
 And grasp his couch, as if he saw the opening tomb !  
 The fearful secret murmur'd from his lips,—  
     'Twas “murder ;”—but his voice was now a sigh ;  
 For o'er his spirit gather'd quick eclipse !  
 He strove to dash the darkness from his eye,  
 Then smote with nerveless hand upon his thigh ;—  
     But there the sword was not ;—a deeper groan !—  
 A start,—as if the summoner was nigh,—  
     Told his last pangs ! His eye was fix'd as stone !  
 There lay a livid corse, the master of a throne !

*Dr. Croly.*

5. *Clarence's Dream.*

Methought that I had broken from the Tow'r,  
 And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy,  
 And in my company, my brother Glo'ster,  
 Who from my cabin tempted me to walk.—  
 As we pass'd along  
 Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,  
 Methought that Glo'ster stumbled, and in falling,  
 Struck me (that sought to stay him) overboard,  
 Into the tumbling billows of the main.  
 Ah ! then methought, what pain it was to drown !  
 What dreadful noise of waters in my ears !  
 What sights of ugly death within my eyes !  
 I thought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks ;  
 A thousand men, that fishes gnawed upon ;

Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,  
 Inestimable stones, unvalu'd jewels ;—  
 Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and in those holes,  
 Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,  
 As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,  
 That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,  
 And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.  
 Methought that often did I strive  
 To yield the ghost ; but still the envious flood  
 Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth  
 To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring air ;  
 But smother'd it within my panting bulk,  
 Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

And yet my dream was lengthened after life ;—  
 O then began the tempest of my soul !  
 For then, methought, a legion of foul fiends  
 Environ'd me, and howl'd in mine ears  
 Such hideous cries, that with the very noise  
 I trembling wak'd.

*Shakspeare.*

### V.—*Argument.*

Argumentative pieces necessarily require, in reading, that earnestness of manner, which denotes sincerity, honesty, and conviction, on the part of the writer or speaker. Argument may be calm, deliberate, philosophical, logical, impassioned, &c. ; or it may combine any or all of these ; and all such varieties must, in reading, be duly expressed.

#### 1. *Logical Moral Argument.*

(Natural appetency for Rectitude.)

There is an appetite of our sentient nature which terminates in food, and that is irrespective of all its subsequent utilities to the animal economy ; and there is an appetite for doing what is right, which terminates in virtue, and which bears equally little respect to its *utilities*—whether for the good of self or for the good

of society. The man, whom temptation to what is dishonourable, would put into a state of recoil and restlessness, has no other aim, in the resistance he makes to it, than simply to make full acquittal of his integrity. This is his landing-place; and he looks no further. There may be a thousand dependent blessings to humanity, from the observation of moral rectitude. But the pure and simple appetency for rectitude, rests upon this as its object, without any onward reference to the consequences, which shall flow from it. This consideration alone is sufficient to dispose of the system of utility; as being metaphysically incorrect in point of conception, and incorrect in the expression of it. If a man can do virtuously, when not aiming at the useful, and not so much as thinking of it—then to design and execute what is useful, may be and is a virtue; but it is not all virtue.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

## 2. *Logical Demonstrative Argument.*

(The Existence of Angels.)

The very heathen philosophers confessed the existence of angels, although they called them by other names, as demons, geniuses, and the like.

It is a question indeed in the schools, whether natural reason directs us to the acknowledgment of this truth. But to me it seems out of all doubt, that the existence of angels may be evinced by very cogent reasons, and such as must needs prevail with all those that will give themselves leisure attentively to consider the nature of things. For,

1st, Although man be an excellent creature, among the creatures of this lower world, yet that very reason whereby he excels those other creatures must needs force him to acknowledge, that he himself is too mean a creature to be the first-born and top of the creation, the master-piece of the works of God, who is the great Creator and Framer of all things. Supposing that God has created a perfect system of things comprehending

all degrees of entity, as the school-men speak (which is generally acknowledged by philosophers), it demonstratively follows that there are such beings as angels.

We have before us in this lower world several ranks of beings, and reason or understanding is found in men, who are the highest order of beings here below; but man is rational only in one part of him, being otherwise akin to *the beast that perisheth*; and so he is neither wholly nor purely a rational or intelligent creature. Now it cannot be imagined by any one of deep thought, that the reason of mankind, being such, should be the most perfect reason of created beings, or that among them all there should be none of a purer and higher capacity, to know and glorify the Creator of all things. It remains, theretore, that besides and above mankind, there is a rank of intelligent beings of nearer affinity to the Supreme and Universal Mind; and these are the beings which we call angels.

Man is evidently a mixed and compound creature, made up of two very different natures, one far superior to the other; but man being compounded of the understanding and animal nature, is far superior to a mere animal without understanding,—that is, a brute; and yet a creature that hath a purer intelligence, separated from animality, viz., an angel, is a more noble being than he. This is one not contemptible reason to prove the existence of angels.

2ndly, Forasmuch as we see the earth whereon we are, replenished with men innumerable, by nature capable of understanding and knowing, and consequently of serving and glorifying the great Creator of all things; it cannot without a very gross absurdity be imagined that the more noble heavenly regions above us should be empty or void of intelligent creatures, doing homage to the supreme God. What an odd thing would this earth be, if there were no men on it? and yet it would be a stranger *vacuum* in nature, if in the heaven above there should be no understanding beings,

to take notice of the wonders of that place, and to serve and praise the God of heaven.

Natural reason, therefore, directs and leads us to an acknowledgment, that there are certain intelligent creatures in the upper world, who, as they are more remote from the dregs of matter wherein we are immersed, so are they of a more pure, refined, and excellent substance, and as far exceeding us in their way of understanding and glorifying the supreme God, as they are of nearer admission to the place where his glory is in the most especial manner manifested; and these are they who, in our sacred writings, are known by the name of angels.—*Bp. Bull.*

### 3. *Impassioned Argument.*

(Against the Tyrannical use of Power.)

When we hear the description of paroxysms, fever, and delirium, into which despair had thrown the natives on the banks of the polluted Ganges, will it be said that this was brought about by the incantations of the Begums in their secluded Zenana? or that they could inspire this enthusiasm and this despair into the breasts of a people, who felt no grievance, and had suffered no torture? What motive, then, could have such influence in their bosoms? What motive? That which nature, the common parent, plants in the bosom of man, and which, though it may be less active in the Indian than in the Englishman, is still congenial with, and makes a part of his being;—that feeling, which tells him, that man was never made to be the property of man; but that when through pride and insolence of power, one human being dares to tyrannize over another, it is a power usurped, and resistance is a duty;—that feeling, which tells him that all power is delegated for the good, not for the injury of the people; and that when it is converted from the original purpose, the compact is broken, and the right is to be resumed;—that principle which neither the rudeness of ignorance can stifle,

nor the enervation of refinement extinguish !—that principle, which makes it base for a man to suffer, when he ought to act ; and which, tending to preserve to the species the original designations of Providence, spurns at the arrogant distinctions of man, and vindicates the independent qualities of his race.—*Sheridan*.

#### VI.—*Request and Supplication.*

Under this head, all that great variety of reading may be included, which in its lowest form is the simple request or invitation, and in its highest, the most devout prayer, or impassioned entreaty ; and in all such cases the mode of reading must indicate earnestness, suitably proportioned to the occasion. In prayer, the monotone must predominate ; and in the most impassioned forms of supplication, where even an imploring anxiety must be manifested, the tones must be lower than in the expression of command or authority.

Entreaty is frequently connected with argument or pleading, as its natural sequence, or to give to it greater force.

##### 1. *Invitation to Companionship.*

Spring.

No longer hoary winter reigns,  
No longer binds the streams in chains,  
Or heaps with snow the meads ;  
Array'd with robe of rainbow dye,  
At last the Spring appears on high,  
And, smiling over earth and sky,  
Her new creation leads.

Maria, come ! Now let us rove,  
Now gather garlands in the grove,  
Of every new-sprung flower :  
We'll hear the warblings of the wood,  
We'll trace the windings of the flood ;—  
O come,—thou fairer than the bud  
Unfolding in a shower !

*Logan.*

2. *Asking a Favour.*

You press me fair, and therefore I will yield ;—  
 Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake ;  
 And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you :—  
 Do not draw back your hand ; I'll take no more ;  
 And you in love shall not deny me this.  
 I will have nothing else but only this ;  
 And now, methinks, I have a mind to it.

My lord Bassanio, let him have the ring ;  
 Let his deservings, and my love withal,  
 Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.

*Shakspeare.*

3. *Importunity.*

My lord, here is a note of certain deeds,  
 Which, please my lord, your steward hath put off  
 To the succession of new days this month :  
 My master is awak'd by great occasion  
 To call upon his own : and humbly prays you  
 That with your other noble parts you'll suit  
 In giving him his right.

And Isidore

Most humbly prays your speedy payment ;—  
 The bond was due on forfeiture six weeks,  
 And past ;—your steward puts me off, my lord ;  
 And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

*Shakspeare.*

4. *The Athenian Senate requesting Timon's Return to the City.*

The Senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

O, forget

What we are sorry for ourselves in thee.

The senators, with one consent of love,  
 Entreat thee back to Athens ; who have thought  
 On special dignities, which vacant lie  
 For thy best use and wearing.

They confess

Towards thee, forgetfulness too general, gross,—

Which now the public body,—which doth seldom  
 Play the recanter,—feeling in itself  
 A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal  
 Of its own fall, restraining aid to Timon ;  
 And send forth us, to make their sorrowful render,  
 Together with a recompense more fruitful  
 Than their offence can weigh down by the dram ;  
 Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,  
 As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,  
 And write in thee the figures of their love,  
 Ever to read them thine.  
 Therefore, so please thee to return with us,  
 And of our Athens (thine and ours) to take  
 The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,  
 Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name  
 Live with authority :—so soon we shall drive back  
 Of Alcibiades the approaches wild ;  
 Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up  
 His country's peace.

*Shakspeare.*

*5. A Mother's Supplication in behalf of her Child.*

Heard I aright? my son? Give up my son?  
 That which makes life amends for half its woes ;  
 My only comfort,—solace,—under heaven !  
 Oh, fix some bounds to this unnatural hate,  
 Some limit to this endless cruelty !  
 Have pity on a mother's helplessness !  
 Leave me not friendless, childless, husbandless !

I ask for time to counsel with myself,—  
 I must have time !—I say, I must have time ;  
 I will have time ; I will not answer now.

Distract me not ! I wish to do the best  
 For my poor injured boy—You'll drive me mad !  
 Do not harm my child—Is there no mercy ?  
 Oh, relent ! have mercy ! mercy !

*C. Swain.*

6. *Impassioned Entreaty.*

## (1.) Extract from an Election Speech.

Gentlemen,—All these feelings are in my heart at this moment—they are various—they are conflicting—they are painful—they are burthensome,—but they are not overwhelming! And amongst them all, there is not one that bears the slightest semblance to despair. I trust myself once more in your faithful hands. I fling myself again on you for protection,—I call aloud to you to bear your own cause in your hearts,—I implore of you to come forward in your own defence;—for the sake of this vast town and its people,—for the salvation of the middle and lower orders,—for the whole industrious part of the whole country,—I entreat you by your love of peace,—by your hatred of oppression,—by your weariness of burthensome and useless taxation,—by yet another appeal, to which those must lend an ear who have been deaf to all the rest. I ask it for your families,—for your infants,—and if you would avoid such a winter of horrors as the last!—*H. Brougham.*

## (2.) On the Reform Bill.

My lords, I do not disguise the intense solicitude which I feel for the event of this debate; because I know full well that the peace of the country is involved in the issue. Beware, then, of your decision! Rouse not, I beseech you, a peace-loving, but a resolute people; alienate not from your body the affections of a whole empire. As your friend, as the friend of order, as the friend of my country, as the faithful servant of my sovereign, I counsel you to assist with your utmost efforts in preserving the peace, and upholding and perpetuating the constitution. Therefore, I pray and exhort you not to reject this measure. By all you hold most dear, by all the ties that bind every one of us to our common order and our common country, I solemnly adjure you—I warn you—I implore you—

yea, on my bended knees, I supplicate you—reject not this bill.—*Lord Brougham.*

7. *Prayer.*

(1.) *Calm and earnest Supplication.*

O Thou ! whose balance does the mountains weigh,  
Whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey,  
Whose breath can turn those wat'ry worlds to flame,  
That flame to tempest, and that tempest tame ;  
Oh ! give the winds all past offence to sweep,  
To scatter wide, or bury in the deep !  
Thy power, my weakness, may I ever see,  
And wholly dedicate my soul to Thee ;—  
Reign o'er my will : my passions ebb and flow  
At Thy command, nor human motive know !  
Through ev'ry scene of life, or peace or war,  
Plenty or want, Thy glory be my care !  
Grant I may ever, at the morning ray,  
Open with prayer, and consecrate the day ;  
Tune Thy great praise, and bid my soul arise,  
And with the mounting sun, ascend the skies.  
Oh ! may I pant for Thee in each desire,  
And with strong faith foment the holy fire ;  
Stretch out my soul in hope, and grasp the prize  
Which in Eternity's deep bosom lies ;  
At the great day of recompense, behold,  
Devoid of fear, the fatal book unfold !  
Then, wafted upward to the blissful seat,  
From age to age my grateful song repeat ;  
My Light, my Life, my God, my Saviour, see,—  
And rival Angels, in the praise of Thee !

*Young.*

(2.) *A Poet's Prayer.*

Jehovah ! breathe upon my soul ; my heart  
Enlarge ; my faith increase ; increase my hope ;  
My thoughts exalt ; my fancy sanctify,  
And all my passions, that I near Thy throne

May venture, unprov'd ; and sing the Day,  
Which none unholy ought to name, the Day  
Of Judgment ! greatest day, past or to come !  
Day ! which,—deny me what Thou wilt, deny  
Me home, or friend, or honourable name,—  
Thy mercy grant, I thoroughly prepared,  
With comely garment of redeeming love,  
May meet, and have my Judge for Advocate.

*Pollok.*

## VII.—*Orations and other Popular Addresses.*

Orations and popular addresses, although frequently availing themselves of argument or description for greater success, are generally impassioned, having for their aim the excitement of popular feeling. They require to be read with that energy, pathos, and earnestness, which indicate strong emotion in the speaker, and which are best calculated to arouse the feelings of the hearers. They sometimes require to be commenced, as in Anthony's Funeral Oration, with deliberation and discretion.

### 1. *Condemnation of Agencies employed in the American War.*

But, my lords, who is the man, that in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of war, has dared to authorize and associate to our arms the *tomahawk* and *scalping-knife* of the savage?—to call into civilized alliance the wild and inhuman inhabitant of the woods?—to delegate to the merciless Indian the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My lords, these enormities cry aloud for redress and punishment. But, my lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality ; “for it is perfectly allowable,” says Lord Suffolk, “to use all the means that God and nature have put into our hands.” I am

astonished, I am shocked to hear such principles confessed ; to hear them avowed in this House, in this country. My lords, I did not intend to encroach so much on your attention, but I cannot repress my indignation—I feel myself impelled to speak. My lords, we are called upon as members of this House, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity. —“ That God and nature have put into our hands” ! What ideas of God and nature that noble lord may entertain, I know not, but I know that such detestable principles are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What ! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife !—to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims ! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honour. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation. I call upon that right reverend, and this most learned bench, to vindicate the religion, and to support the justice of their country. I call upon the Bishops to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn—upon the Judges to interpose the purity of their ermine—to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honour of your Lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country to vindicate the national character. I invoke the *Genius of the Constitution*. Spain can no longer boast preëminence in barbarity. She armed herself with blood-hounds to extirpate the wretched natives of Mexico ; we, more ruthless, loose these dogs of war against our countrymen in America, endeared to us by every tie that can sanctify humanity. I solemnly call upon your lordships, and upon every order of men in the State, to stamp upon this infamous procedure the indelible stigma of public abhorrence. More particularly, I call upon the holy prelates of our

religion to do away with this iniquity ; let them perform a lustration, to purify our country from this deep and deadly sin. My lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more ; but my feelings and indignation were too strong to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor even reposed my head upon my pillow, without giving vent to my eternal abhorrence of such enormous and preposterous principles.—*Chatham.*

2. *Anthony's Address to the Roman Citizens over Cæsar's Body.*

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears ;  
 I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.  
 The evil that men do lives after them ;  
 The good is oft interred with their bones ;  
 So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus  
 Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious :  
 If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;  
 And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.  
 Here under leave of Brutus, and the rest  
 (For Brutus is an honourable man ;  
 So are they all, all honourable men ;)  
 Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.  
 He was my friend, faithful and just to me :  
 But Brutus says he was ambitious ;  
 And Brutus is an honourable man.  
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome,  
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :  
 Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?  
 When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :  
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :  
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;  
 And Brutus is an honourable man.  
 You all did see, that on the Lupercal,  
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?  
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;  
 And, sure, he is an honourable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,  
 But here I am to speak what I do know.  
 You all did love him once, not without cause ;  
 What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him ?  
 O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
 And men have lost their reason ! Bear with me ;  
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,  
 And I must pause till it come back to me.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.  
 You all do know this mantle : I remember  
 The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;  
 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent ;  
 That day he overcame the Nervii :—  
 Look ! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through :  
 See, what a rent the envious Casca made :  
 Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd ;  
 And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,  
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it ;  
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolved  
 If Brutus so unkindly knocked or no ;  
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :  
 Judge, O ye gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him !  
 This,—this was the unkindest cut of all :  
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,  
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,  
 Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty heart ;  
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,  
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,  
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.  
 Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen !  
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,  
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.  
 Oh, now you weep, and I perceive you feel  
 The dint of pity : these are gracious drops.  
 Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold  
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here,  
*Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, by traitors.*

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up  
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny.  
 They that have done this deed are honourable ;  
 What private griefs they have, alas ! I know not,  
 That made them do it ; they are wise and honourable,  
 And will no doubt with reasons answer you.  
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts ;  
 I am no orator, as Brutus is ;  
 But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,  
 That love my friend ; and that they know full well  
 That gave me public leave to speak of him.  
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,  
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,  
 To stir men's blood : I only speak right on.  
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;  
 Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb  
     mouths,  
 And bid them speak for me : but were I Brutus,  
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony  
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue  
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move  
 The stones of Rome to rise in mutiny.

*Shakspeare.*

### 3. *Panegyric of Pompey.*

What language can do justice to the military powers  
 of Cneius Pompey ! what form of panegyric can be  
 devised worthy of him, unknown to you, or not familiar  
 to the universe ! For the qualifications of a commander  
 are not confined within the narrow circle to which  
 popular opinion restricts them,—assiduity in business,  
 intrepidity in danger, vigour in action, promptitude to  
 achieve, and wisdom to provide ; all which unite in  
 this one man, and in a degree not to be found in all  
 other commanders ever seen or heard of. Attest it,  
 Italy, the liberation of which the victorious Sylla her-  
 self attributed to his valour and assistance ;—attest it,  
 Sicily, rescued from the many dangers which encom-

passed it, not by the terror of his arms, but by the promptitude of his counsels ;—attest it, Africa, saturated with the blood of the countless hordes, with which it was oppressed ;—attest it, Gaul, over the bodies of whose slaughtered sons our legions entered Spain ;—attest it, Spain herself, which has so often seen the overwhelming forces of her enemies subdued and prostrated by his victorious arm ;—again and again attest it, Italy, which, when oppressed by the foul and devastating servile war, with outstretched arms entreated his return ; at the mere rumour of his approach that war pined and sickened, as his arrival was its death-blow and extermination. In short, attest it, every land and every distant tribe and nation—attest it, every wave of the ocean, the wide expanse of waters, and every port and bay of its remotest shores.—*Cicero*.

#### VIII.—*Soliloquy*.

Soliloquy is, for the most part, either reflective or preconceptive ;—recalling the past, contemplating the present, or determining for the future. It admits every variety of emotion, which must be duly expressed in reading ; but its tones are usually more subdued than those of direct addresses to other persons.

##### 1. *Falstaff's Soliloquy* ;

Having been told, on the eve of a battle, that he owed "*Heaven a Death*."

'Tis not due yet ; I would be loth to pay before the day. What need I be so forward with one that calls not on me ? Well, 'tis no matter ; Honour pricks me on. Yes, but how if honour pricks me off when I come on ? How then ? Can honour set a leg ? No. Or an arm ? No. Or take away the grief of a wound ? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery then ? No. What is honour ? A word. What is that word Honour ? Air. A trim reckoning !—who hath it ?

He that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yes, to the dead. But, will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it:—therefore, I'll none of it. Honour is a mere scutcheon; and so ends my catechism.—*Shakspeare.*

2. *Douglas's Reflections on discovering his Noble Origin.*

Eventful day! how hast thou changed my state!  
Once on the cold and winter-shaded side  
Of a bleak hill, mischance had rooted me,  
Never to thrive, child of another soil;—  
Transplanted now to the gay sunny vale,  
Like the green thorn of May, my future flowers!  
Ye glorious stars! high canopied resplendent host!  
To whom I oft have of my lot complain'd,  
Hear and record my soul's unalter'd wish!  
Dead or alive, let me but be renown'd!  
Let daring lead some fierce gigantic Dane,  
To give a bold defiance to our host!  
Before he speaks it out, I will accept;  
Like Douglas, conquer, or like Douglas, die.

*Home.*

3. *Hamlet's Soliloquy on Death.*

To be, or not to be,—that is the question:  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer  
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And, by opposing, end them?—To die—to sleep—  
No more;—and, by a sleep, to say we end  
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to,—'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished. To die—to sleep—  
To sleep!—perchance to dream!—aye, there's the rub:  
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause.—There's the respect,

That makes calamity of so long life :  
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time ;  
 To groan and sweat under a weary life,  
 But that the dread of something after death  
 (That undiscovered country, from whose bourn  
 No traveller returns), puzzles the will ;  
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
 Than fly to others that we know not of ?  
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;  
 And thus the native hue of resolution  
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;  
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,  
 And lose the name of action.

*Shakspeare.*

4. *Wolsey's Soliloquy,*

On receiving back from the King private Papers he had by mistake sent in the place of some official Documents.

What should this mean ?  
 What sudden anger's this ? How have I reap'd it ?  
 He parted frowning from me, as if ruin  
 Leap'd from his eyes : so looks the chafed lion  
 Upon the daring huntsman that has gall'd him ;  
 Then makes him nothing.

I must read this paper,  
 I fear, the story of his anger.—'Tis so :  
 This paper has undone me. 'Tis the account  
 Of all that world of wealth I've drawn together  
 For mine own ends ; indeed to gain the popedom  
 And fee my friends in Rome. O negligence,  
 Fit for a fool to fall by ! What cross spirit  
 Made me put this main secret in the packet  
 I sent the king ? Is there no way to cure this ?  
 No new device to beat this from his brains ?  
 I know 'twill stir him strongly ; yet I know  
 A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune,  
 Will bring me off again.

What's this—"To the Pope?"—  
 The letter, as I live, with all the business  
 I wrote his holiness!—Nay, then, farewell!  
 I have touch'd the highest point of all my greatness:  
 And, from that full meridian of my glory,  
 I haste now to my setting. I shall fall,  
 Like a bright exhalation in the evening,  
 And no man see me more.

*Shakspeare.*

### IX.—*Part-Reading.*

Part-reading, or the reading of parts, representing different persons or characters, ordinarily assumes one of three forms.

1st. The Dialogue, or part-speaking, in a continuous narrative; as has been already seen in the illustrations of "*Point and Wit*," and "Emotional Description."

2ndly. The same kind of dialogue, or debate, arranged separately in the parts taken by the several speakers. In prose, this style is seldom adopted, except in the form of reports of conversation, debates, &c., or in compositions intended for religious, moral, or scientific instruction; and even in poetry, where it is somewhat more frequently used, it is not very common.

3rdly. Dramatic Readings; where the parts, which are intended to be fully represented both in acting and speaking, are distinctly marked out, and the special characteristics of each part carefully preserved.

From this division of the subject, it will be obvious, that in order to part-reading being effective, without that pretentious affectation of character and mistake of object and design which render it ridiculous, the reader must duly consider, in the first place, whether it is intended to be the representation of character, or the mere report of a dialogue or debate; and, in the next, how far his delivery, under such circumstances, should be *representative* or *narrative*.

In all cases, however, where different persons are introduced, and the effect depends upon characteristic representation, as in the following examples, the natural variations of voice and manner must be carefully maintained; and the reader or speaker must, as much as possible, impersonate the different parts, and express them to the life.

One person reading several parts, must present each in its proper characteristics, and with proper variations of voice.

(1.) CONTINUOUS DIALOGUE.

1. *Interview between two Leaders of the French Revolution of 1792.*

"Subdue the enemies of liberty by terror," said Robespierre; "the government of the Revolution is the despotism of liberty against tyranny." In this speech he denounced the *Moderates* and the *Ultra-revolutionists* as both desiring the downfall of the republic.

After this beginning of hostilities, DANTON (a Moderate), who had not given up his connexion with ROBESPIERRE, asked for an interview with him. It took place at the residence of Robespierre himself. They were cold and bitter; *Danton* complained violently; and *Robespierre* was reserved. "I know," said *Danton*, "all the hatred the Committee bear me; but I do not fear it." "You are wrong," replied *Robespierre*; "it entertains no ill designs against you; but you would do well to have an explanation." "An explanation?" rejoined *Danton*, "an explanation?—That requires good faith!"—Seeing that Robespierre looked grave at these words, he added—"No doubt it is necessary to put down the royalists, but we ought only to strike blows which will benefit the republic; we must not confound the innocent with the guilty." "And who," exclaimed *Robespierre* sharply, "says that an innocent person has been put to death?" *Danton*

turned to one of his friends who had accompanied him, and said, with a bitter smile—"What do you say to this? not one innocent person has perished!"

They then separated, and all friendship ceased between them.—*Mignet.*

## 2. *The Three Warnings.*

When sports went round, and all were gay,  
On neighbour Dobson's wedding-day,  
Death call'd aside the jocund groom  
With him into another room ;  
And looking grave—"You must," said he,  
"Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."  
"With you! and quit my Susan's side!  
With you!" the hapless husband cried:  
"Young as I am; 'tis monstrous hard!  
Besides, in truth, I am not prepar'd ;  
My thoughts on other matters go ;  
This is my wedding-day, you know."

What more he urg'd, I have not heard,  
His reasons could not well be stronger ;  
So death the poor delinquent spar'd,  
And left to live a little longer.

Yet calling up a serious look,  
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke—  
"Neighbour," he said, "farewell, no more  
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour:  
And further, to avoid all blame  
Of cruelty upon my name,  
To give you time for preparation,  
And fit you for your future station,  
Three several warnings you shall have  
Before you're summon'd to the grave ;  
Willing for once I'll quit my prey,  
And grant a kind reprieve,  
In hopes you'll have no more to say ;  
But when I call again this way,  
Well pleas'd the world you'll leave."

To these conditions both consented,  
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the Hero of our tale befel,  
How long he liv'd, how wise, how well,  
How roundly he pursu'd his course,  
And smok'd his pipe, and strok'd his horse,  
The willing muse shall tell.

He chaffer'd then, he bought and sold,  
Nor once perceiv'd his growing old,

Nor thought of death as near :  
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,  
Many his gains, his children few,  
He pass'd his hours in peace.

But while he view'd his wealth increase,  
While thus along Life's dusty road  
The beaten track content he trod,  
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,  
Uncall'd, unheeded, unawares,

Brought on his eightieth year.  
And now, one night, in musing mood,  
As all alone he sate,

Th' unwelcome Messenger of Fate  
Once more before him stood.

Half kill'd with anger and surprise,  
"So soon return'd," old Dobson cries.

"So soon, d'ye call it?" Death replies ;

"Surely, my friend, you're but in jest !

Since I was here before  
'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,  
And you are now fourscore."

"So much the worse," the clown rejoin'd,

"To spare the aged would be kind :

Beside, you promis'd me Three Warnings,  
Which I have look'd for nights and mornings,  
And for the loss of time and ease  
I can recover damages."

"I know," cries Death, "that at the best,  
 I seldom am a welcome guest ;  
 But don't be captious, friend, at least,  
 I little thought you'd still be able  
 To stump about your farm and stable ;  
 Your years have run to a great length,  
 I wish you joy, tho' of your strength !" "  
 "Hold," says the farmer, "not so fast !  
 I have been *lame* these four years past."

"And no great wonder," Death replies :  
 "However, you still keep your eyes ;  
 And sure, to see one's loves and friends,  
 For legs and arms would make amends."  
 "Perhaps," says Dobson, "so it might,  
 But latterly I've *lost my sight*."

"This is a shocking tale, 'tis true ;  
 But still there's comfort left for you ;  
 Each strives your sadness to amuse ;  
 I warrant you hear all the news."  
 "There's none," cries he, "and if there were,  
 I'm grown so *deaf*, I could not hear."

"Nay, then," the spectre stern rejoind,  
 "These are unjustifiable yearnings,—  
 If you are *lame*, and *deaf*, and *blind*,  
 You've had your three sufficient warnings ;  
 So come along, no more we'll part ;"  
 He said, and touch'd him with his dart.  
 And now old Dobson, turning pale,  
 Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

*Mrs. Thrale.*

## (2.) CONVERSATIONS IN POETRY.

*Lord Bathurst and Mr. Pope, on the use of Riches.*

*Pope.* Who shall decide, when doctors disagree,  
 And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me ?

And yet, like doctors, when dispute has pass'd,  
We find our tenets much the same at last.

*Bath.* What Nature wants, commodious gold bestows.  
'Tis then we eat the bread another sows.

*Pope.* But how unequal it bestows, observe—  
'Tis thus we riot, while who sow it starve :  
Useful, I grant, it serves what life requires ;  
But, dreadful too ! the dark assassin hires.

*Bath.* Trade it may help, society extend.

*Pope.* But lures the pirate, and corrupts the friend.

*Bath.* Wealth in the gross is death, but life, diffus'd ;  
As poison heals, in just proportion us'd.  
In heaps, like ambergris, offending lies ;  
But, well dispers'd, is incense to the skies.

*Pope.* But all our praises, why should lords engross ;  
Rise, honest muse ! and sing the MAN of Ross.  
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread !  
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread.  
He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,  
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate.  
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans bless'd—  
The young who labour, and the old who rest.  
Is any sick ? The Man of Ross relieves,  
Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes and gives.  
Is there a variance ? Enter but his door,  
Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.  
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,  
And vile attorneys, now a useless race.

*Bath.* Thrice happy man ! enabled to pursue  
What all so wish, but want the power to do !  
Oh ! say, what sums that generous hand supply ;  
What mines to swell that boundless charity.

*Pope.* Of debts and taxes, wife, and children clear,  
This man possess'd—*five hundred pounds a year*,—  
Blush, grandeur, blush ! proud courts, withdraw your  
blaze !

Ye little stars, hide your diminish'd rays.

*Bath.* And what? no monument, inscription, stone?  
His race, his form, his name, almost unknown?

*Pope.* Who builds a church to God and not to fame,  
Will never mark the marble with his name.  
Go, search it there, where to be born and die  
Of rich and poor makes all the history;  
Enough that virtue fill'd the space between,  
Prov'd, by the ends of being, to have been.

*Pope.*

### (3.) DRAMATIC PIECES.

#### 1. *Repartee.*

Don Adriano de Armado and Moth, his page.

*Arm.* Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

*Moth.* A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

*Arm.* Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear child.

*Moth.* No, no,—sir, no.

*Arm.* How can'st thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

*Moth.* By a familiar illustration of the working, my tough senior.

*Arm.* Why tough senior? why tough senior?

*Moth.* Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

*Arm.* I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epithet, appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

*Moth.* And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

*Arm.* Pretty and apt.

*Moth.* How mean you, sir; I pretty, and my sayings apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

*Arm.* Thou pretty, because little.

*Moth.* Little pretty, because little;—wherefore apt?

*Arm.* And therefore apt, because quick.

*Moth.* Speak you this in my praise, master?

*Arm.* In thy most deserved praise.

*Moth.* I will praise an eel with the same praise.

*Arm.* What?—that an eel is ingenious?

*Moth.* That an eel is quick.

*Arm.* I do say thou art quick in answers. Thou heat'st my blood.

*Moth.* I am answered, sir.

*Shakspeare.*

## 2. Violent and Contending Emotions.

*Tubal*, a Jewish friend, reporting to *Shylock* he could not find his daughter, who had fled with *Lorenzo*, and carried off some jewels, but had heard that *Antonio*, a merchant, to whom he had lent some money, was ruined.

*Shy.* How now, *Tubal*, what news from Genoa? Hast thou found my daughter?

*Tu.* I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

*Shy.* Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! A curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now:—two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so:—and I know not how much is spent in the search: why then, loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: no ill luck stirring but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs but o' my breathing; no tears but o' my shedding.

*Tu.* Yes, other men have ill luck too. *Antonio*, as I heard in Genoa—

*Shy.* What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

*Tu.*—Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

*Shy.* Is it true?—Is it true?

*Tu.* I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

*Shy.* I thank thee, good Tubal ; good news, good news : ha ! ha !—Where ? in Genoa ?

*Tu.* Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats !

*Shy.* Thou stick'st a dagger in me :—I shall never see my gold again. Fourscore ducats at a sitting ! fourscore ducats !

*Tu.* There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that say he cannot choose but break.

*Shy.* I am very glad of it : I'll plague him ; I'll torture him ; I'm glad of it.

*Tu.* One of them showed me a ring, that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

*Shy.* Out upon her ! Thou torturest me, Tubal : it was my turquoise : I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor ; I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

*Tu.* But Antonio is certainly undone.

*Shy.* Nay, that's true, that's very true : go, Tubal, fee me an officer, bespeak him a fortnight before : I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit ; for were he out of Venice, I could make what merchandise I will : go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue ; go, good Tubal ; at our synagogue, Tubal.

*Shakspeare.*

### 3. *Painful Anticipation of Banishment.*

Friar Laurence and Romeo.

*Rom.* Father, what news ? what is the prince's doom ?  
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,  
That I yet know not ?

*Fri.* Too familiar

Is my dear son with such sour company :  
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

*Rom.* What less than doom's-day is the prince's doom ?

*Fri.* A gentler judgment vanish'd from his lips ;  
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

*Rom.* Ha ! banishment ? Be merciful, say—death.  
For exile hath more terror in his look,  
Much more than death : do not say—banishment.

*Fri.* Here from Verona art thou banished :  
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

*Rom.* There is no world without Verona walls,  
But purgatory, torture, deepest woe.  
Hence banished, is banish'd from the world,  
And world's exile is death :—then banished  
Is death mis-term'd. Calling death banishment,  
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,  
And smil'st upon the stroke that murders me.

*Fri.* O heartless sin ! O rude unthankfulness !  
Thy fault our law calls death ; but the kind prince,  
Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,  
And turn'd that black word death to banishment.  
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

*Rom.* 'Tis torture, and not mercy :  
Had'st thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife,  
No sudden means of death, though ne'er so mean,  
But—banished—to kill me ?—banished !  
O friar, lost souls repeat that word in hell !  
Howlings attend it ! How hast thou the heart,  
To mangle me with that word—banished ?

*Fri.* I'll give thee armour to keep off that word ;—  
Adversity's sweet milk,—philosophy,—  
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

*Rom.* Yet banished ?—Hang up philosophy !  
It helps not, it prevails not ; talk no more.

*Fri.* Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

*Rom.* Thou can'st not speak of what thou dost not feel :  
Wert thou as young as I ; Juliet thy love ;  
An hour but married,  
Doting like me, and like me banished,—  
Then might'st thou speak ; then might'st thou tear thy  
hair,

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,  
Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

Shakspeare.

## 4. Noble Sentiments.

*Cato, Sempronius, and Lucius* in Council, after receiving a message from *Cæsar*; and *Juba*, a Numidian prince, introduced after the Council.

*Sem.* Cato, we thank thee.

The mighty genius of immortal Rome  
Speaks in thy voice; thy soul breathes liberty.  
Cæsar will shrink to hear the words thou utter'st,  
And shudder in the midst of all his conquests.

*Luc.* The Senate owes its gratitude to Cato,  
Who with so great a soul consults its safety,  
And guards our lives, while he neglects his own.

*Sem.* Sempronius gives no thanks on this account.  
Lucius seems fond of life; but what is life?  
'Tis not to stalk about, and draw fresh air  
From time to time, or gaze upon the sun;  
'Tis to be free. When liberty is gone,  
Life grows insipid, and has lost its relish.

*Luc.* Others, perhaps,  
May serve their country with as warm a zeal,  
Though 'tis not kindled into rage.

*Sem.* This sober conduct is a mighty virtue  
In lukewarm patriots.

*Cato.* Come, no more, Sempronius;  
All here are friends to Rome, and to each other.  
Let us not weaken still the weaker side  
By our divisions.

*Sem.* Cato, my resentments  
Are sacrificed to Rome.—I stand reprov'd.

*Cato.* Fathers, 'tis time to come to a resolve.

*Luc.* Cato, we all go into your opinion:  
Cæsar's behaviour has convinc'd the Senate  
We ought to hold it out till terms arrive.

*Sem.* We ought to hold it out till death; but, Cato,  
My private voice is drown'd amidst the Senate's.

*Cato.* Then let us rise, my friends, and strive to fill  
This little interval, this pause of life  
(While yet our liberty and fates are doubtful),

With resolution, friendship, Roman bravery,  
And all the virtues we can crowd into it;  
That Heaven may say it ought to be prolong'd.

[*Enter Juba.*]

*Juba.* Cato, lend me for awhile thy patience,  
And condescend to hear a young man speak.  
My father, when some days before his death,  
He order'd me to march for Utica,  
(Alas! I thought not then his death so near!)  
Wept o'er me, press'd me in his arms,  
And, as his griefs gave way, "My son," said he,  
"Whatever fortune shall befall thy father,  
Be Cato's friend; he'll train thee up to great  
And virtuous deeds; do but observe him well,  
Thou'lt shun misfortunes, or thou'lt learn to bear them."

*Cato.* Juba, thy father was a worthy prince,  
And merited, alas! a better fate;  
But Heav'n thought otherwise.

*Juba.* My father's fate,  
In spite of all the fortitude that shines  
Before my face in Cato's great example,  
Subdues my soul and fills my eyes with tears.

*Cato.* It is an honest sorrow, and becomes thee.

*Juba.* My father drew respect from foreign climes;  
The kings of Afric sought him for their friend.

*Cato.* I am no stranger to thy father's greatness.

*Juba.* I would not boast the greatness of my father,  
But point out new alliances to Cato.  
Had we not better leave this Utica,  
To arm Numidia in our cause, and court  
Th' assistance of my father's powerful friends?

*Cato.* And can'st thou think  
Cato will fly before the sword of Cæsar!  
Reduced, like Hannibal, to seek relief  
From court to court, and wander up and down  
A vagabond in Afric?

*Juba.* Cato, perhaps  
*I'm too officious; but my forward cares*

Would fain preserve a life of so much value.  
 My heart is wounded, when I see such virtue  
 Afflicted by the weight of such misfortunes.

*Cato.* Thy nobleness of soul obliges me.  
 But know, young prince, that valour soars above  
 What the world calls misfortune and affliction.  
 These are not ills ; else would they never fall  
 On Heav'n's first fav'rites, and the best of men.  
 The gods, in bounty, work up storms about us,  
 That give mankind occasion to exert  
 Their hidden strength, and throw out into practice  
 Virtues which shun the day, and lie conceal'd  
 In the smooth seasons and the calms of life.

*Juba.* I'm charm'd whene'er thou talk'st ; I pant for  
 virtue.

*Addison.*

1

## APPENDIX.

---

### ON THE READING OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

#### I.—*General Observations.*

The Holy Scriptures should never be used as a mere class-book, for teaching children to read.

They should be opened with a short collect or prayer, and read with becoming reverence.

The common plan of reading verse and verse in turn, is prejudicial to the right understanding of the Holy Scriptures, and leads to flippancy, inattention, and irreverence.

Each pupil should read a complete paragraph; or such portion as constitutes a complete subject, or conveys the sense complete.

It is very undesirable for children who cannot read freely, to attempt the reading of the Holy Scriptures aloud in school. Their spelling, or miscalling the words, renders a due regard to sense almost impossible, and has an injurious effect both on their own minds and those who hear them.

When a class, or the great majority of a class, cannot read well, the lesson should be read clearly and distinctly by the teacher himself, or by selected pupils placed in front of the class; all the pupils being furnished with books, and following mentally. The subjects most easily understood should be selected for reading; and the teacher will secure the attention and

improvement of his class, by judiciously catechising them after the reading.

It is of primary and, indeed (from the sacredness of the books), of indispensable importance that they should be read in a reverential tone and manner; and any approach to levity, flippancy, carelessness, hurry, or indistinctness, should be promptly checked.

In respect to rules, those already given for correct reading, apply generally to the reading of the Holy Scriptures; but the feeling of reverence, to which reference has just been made, causes the ordinary tones to be slightly reduced, as compared with secular reading.

At the same time, it must not be supposed that reading reverently implies a drawling, nasal, unvarying, and unimpressive monotone, as if piety and pretence were the same thing; or as if the object to be aimed at was the mere affectation of a pious manner. All such pretentious modes of reading should be carefully checked.

The Holy Scriptures, as any other composition, must be read in a clear, distinct, natural voice; and although they allow more recourse to the monotone than most other writings, they do not exclude that variety of tone and expression which the subjects, in their own nature, properly require.

## II.—*Punctuation and Pauses.*

The division of the Holy Scriptures into chapters and verses, although indispensable for reference, is frequently prejudicial to correct reading; inasmuch as children, and persons improperly taught, are apt to regard the end of a verse as the place where a kind of full stop must necessarily be made. This division is merely a human invention, and is frequently very imperfect and incorrect.

In some instances the division of the chapters is objectionable, as separating subjects that ought to be connected.

The Paragraphs (usually marked thus, ¶) may generally be depended upon, as introducing new subjects, or separating parts of the same subject.

To read the Holy Scriptures with effect, the Pauses must be governed by the sense, and not necessarily by either the punctuation or the artificial divisions of verses and chapters.

The following extracts, which the pupils should read, will show the necessity of study and thought in the use of the pause and full stop.

(1.) IMPROPER DIVISION OF CHAPTERS.

Here the teacher, by questioning or direct instruction, should show the pupils the necessity of connecting the portions of Holy Scripture separated by the two chapters, and of reading them in continuation.

1. *Judah's Pathetic Appeal to Joseph separated from its effect.*

Genesis xlv. and xlv.

Ch. xlv. 33. Now therefore, I pray thee, let thy servant abide instead of the lad a bondman to my lord; and let the lad go up with his brethren.

34. For how shall I go up to my father, and the lad be not with me? lest peradventure I see the evil that shall come upon my father.

Ch. xlv.

1. Then Joseph could not refrain himself before all them that stood by him; and he cried, Cause every man to go out from me. And there stood no man with him, while Joseph made himself known unto his brethren.

2. And he wept aloud: and the Egyptians and the house of Pharaoh heard him.

2. *Conversation separated from Time and Place.*

Numbers xxii. and xxiii.

Ch. xxii. 41. And it came to pass on the morrow, that Balak took Balaam, and brought him up into the

high places of Baal, that thence he might see the utmost part of the people.

Ch. xxiii.

1. And Balaam said unto Balak, Build me here seven altars, and prepare me here seven oxen and seven rams.

3. *Israel's zeal against Idolatry separated from its cause.*

2 Chronicles xxx. and xxxi.

Ch. xxx. 26. So there was great joy in Jerusalem : for since the time of Solomon the son of David king of Israel there was not the like in Jerusalem.

27. ¶ Then the priests the Levites arose and blessed the people : and their voice was heard, and their prayer came up to his holy dwelling-place, even unto heaven.

Ch. xxxi.

1. Now when all this was finished, all Israel that were present went out to the cities of Judah, and brake the images in pieces, and cut down the groves, and threw down the high places and the altars out of all Judah and Benjamin, in Ephraim also and Manasseh, until they had utterly destroyed them all. Then all the children of Israel returned, every man to his possession, into their own cities.

4. *Parts of the Inspired Prophecy, respecting Messiah, separated.*

Isaiah lii. and liii.

Ch. lii. 13. Behold, my servant shall deal prudently, he shall be exalted and extolled, and be very high.

14. As many were astonished at thee ; his visage was so marred more than any man, and his form more than the sons of men :

15. So shall he sprinkle many nations ; the kings shall shut their mouths at him : for that which hath not been told them shall they see ; and that which they had not heard shall they consider.

Ch. liii.

1. Who hath believed our report ? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed ?

2. For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.

5. *An Address abruptly separated from its occasion.*

Acts xxi. and xxii.

Ch. xxi. 40. And when he had given him licence, Paul stood on the stairs, and beckoned with the hand unto the people. And when there was made a great silence, he spake unto them in the Hebrew tongue, saying,

Ch. xxii.

1. Men, brethren, and fathers, hear ye my defence, which I make now unto you.

Other examples, the pupils may readily find for themselves.

(2.) PERIODS IN THE PLACE OF MINOR STOPS.

In this case, the sense of the passage cannot be conveyed, if the periods are marked by a complete fall of the voice, as is usual at a full stop.

[*Except in the last instance, the Semicolon should be substituted for the Full Stop.*]

1. Job ix.

5. (God) which removeth the mountains, and they know not: (;) which overturneth them in his anger.

6. Which shaketh the earth out of her place, and the pillars thereof tremble.

7. Which commandeth the sun, and it riseth not; and sealeth up the stars.

8. Which alone spreadeth out the heavens, and treadeth upon the waves of the sea.

9. Which maketh Arcturus, Orion, and Pleiades, and the chambers of the south.

10. Which doeth great things past finding out; yea, and wonders without number.

## 2. Mark vi.

10. And he said unto them, In what place soever ye enter into an house, there abide till ye depart from that place.

11. And whosoever shall not receive you, nor hear you, when ye depart thence, shake off the dust under your feet for a testimony against them.

The pupils themselves can select other examples.

(3.) VERSES WHEREIN THE FULL TERMINAL PAUSE IS PREJUDICIAL TO THE SENSE.

The following extracts should, in each instance, be read first with a full pause at the end of every verse, as indicated by the dash ; and afterwards as re-arranged.

The teacher should then question upon the different effects ; and, if necessary, explain the greater clearness of the latter. He should also caution his pupils against pausing without sufficient reason at the end of verses generally.

## 1. Deuteronomy xviii.

15. The LORD thy God will raise up unto thee a Prophet from the midst of thee, of thy brethren, like unto me ; unto him ye shall hearken ;—

16. According to all that thou desirest of the LORD thy God in Horeb in the day of the assembly, saying, Let me not hear again the voice of the LORD my God, neither let me see this great fire any more, that I die not.

*Re-arranged.*

15. The LORD thy God will raise up unto thee a Prophet from the midst of thee, - of thy brethren, - like unto me (unto him ye shall hearken), accord-

16. ing to all that thou desirest of the LORD thy God in Horeb in the day of the assembly, - saying, - Let me not hear again the voice of the LORD my God, - neither let me see this great fire any more, - that I die not.

## 2. Isaiah xlv.

1. Thus saith the LORD to his anointed, to Cyrus, whose right hand I have holden,\* to subdue nations before him; and I will loose the loins of kings, to open before him the two-leaved gates; and the gates shall not be shut;—

2. I will go before thee, and make the crooked places straight: I will break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut in sunder the bars of iron:—

3. And I will give thee the treasures of darkness, and hidden riches of secret places, that thou mayest know that I, the LORD, which call thee by thy name, am the God of Israel.

4. For Jacob my servant's sake, and Israel mine elect, I have even called thee by thy name: I have surnamed thee, though thou hast not known me.—

5. I am the LORD, and there is none else, there is no God beside me: I girded thee, though thou hast not known me:—

6. That they may know from the rising of the sun, and from the west, that there is none beside me. I am the LORD, and there is none else.

*The same, re-arranged.*

1. Thus saith the LORD to his anointed, to Cyrus, - (whose right hand I have holden to subdue nations before him; and I will loose the loins of kings, to open before him the two-leaved gates; and the gates shall not be shut) - I will go before thee, and make the crooked places straight; - I will break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut asunder the bars of iron; -
2. and I will give thee the treasures of darkness, and hidden riches of secret places; - that thou mayest know that I, the LORD, (which call thee by thy name) am the God of Israel. For Jacob my servant's sake, and Israel mine elect, I have called thee by thy name; - I have surnamed thee (though thou

\* Margin, *strengthened.*

5. hast not known me) ; - I am the LORD, and there is none else ; there is no God beside me ; I girded thee
6. (though thou hast not known me) that they may know, from the rising of the sun, and from the west, that there is none beside me. I am the LORD, and there is none else.

3. St. John xii.

3. Then took Mary a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped his feet with her hair : and the house was filled with the odour of the ointment.—

4. Then saith one of his disciples, Judas Iscariot, Simon's son, which should betray him,—

5. Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor?—

6. 'This he said, not that he cared for the poor ; but because he was a thief, and had the bag, and bare what was put therein.—

7. Then said Jesus, Let her alone : against the day of my burying hath she kept this :—

8. For the poor always ye have with you ; but me ye have not always.

*The same, re-arranged.*

3. Then took Mary a pound of ointment of spikenard, very costly, and anointed the feet of Jesus, and wiped his feet with her hair : - and the house was
4. filled with the odour of the ointment. Then saith one of his disciples, - (Judas, Simon's son, which
5. should betray him) - Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence, and given to the poor? -
6. (this he said - not that he cared for the poor ; - but because he was a thief, and had the bag, and bare
7. what was put therein.) Then said Jesus, - Let her alone ; - against the day of my burying hath she
8. kept this ; - for the poor always ye have with you ; - but me ye have not always.

## 4. Colossians iv.

7. All my state shall Tychicus declare unto you, who is a beloved brother, and a faithful minister and fellow-servant in the Lord:—

8. Whom I have sent unto you for the same purpose, that he might know your estate, and comfort your hearts;—

9. With Onesimus, a faithful and beloved brother, who is one of you. They shall make known unto you all things which are done here.

*Re-arranged.*

7. All my state shall Tychicus declare unto you (who is a beloved brother, and a faithful minister
8. and fellow-servant in the Lord); whom I have sent unto you (for the same purpose, that he might know
9. your estate, and comfort your hearts), with Onesimus (a faithful and beloved brother, who is one of you); they shall make known unto you all things which are done here.

## 4. 1 Peter i.

3. Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead,—

4. To an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you,—

5. Who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last time.

*The same, re-arranged.*

3. Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ - which (according to his abundant mercy) hath begotten us again unto a lively hope (by the
4. resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead) - to an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, - reserved in heaven - for you,
5. who are kept (by the power of God, through faith) unto salvation, - ready to be revealed at the last time.

Many other examples might be selected from the sacred writings ; but a remarkable instance of the injury which is done to the sense, by an exact attention to the division of the verses, will be found Ephesians i. The pupils can make additional selections.

### III.—*Figures of Speech.*

Every variety of Figure of Speech (and not unfrequently in the boldest form) is found in the Holy Scriptures. In all such cases, the same inflections of voice, under such restrictions as have been already pointed out, are as necessary for their reading, as if they occurred in any other compositions.

#### EXAMPLES.

##### (1.) SERIES.

1. The LORD thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of waters ; of fountains and depths, that spring out of valleys and hills ; a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig-trees, and pomegranates ; a land of oil-olive, and honey ; a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, thou shalt not lack any thing in it ; a land, whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass. (Deut. viii. 7—9.)

2. Let love be without dissimulation : abhor that which is evil ; cleave to that which is good. Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love ; in honour preferring one another ; not slothful in business ; fervent in spirit ; serving the Lord ; rejoicing in hope ; patient in tribulation ; continuing instant in prayer ; distributing to the necessity of saints ; given to hospitality. (Rom. xii. 9—13.)

##### (2.) ANTITHESIS.\*

1. When the LORD thy God shall have brought thee into the land which he swore unto thy fathers, to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob, to give thee great and

\* The Book of Proverbs abounds with Antitheses.

goodly cities, which thou buildedst not ; and houses full of all good things, which thou filledst not ; and wells digged, which thou diggedst not ; vineyards and olive trees, which thou plantedst not ; when thou shalt have eaten and be full ; then beware lest thou forget the LORD, which brought thee forth out of the land of Egypt, from the house of bondage. (Deut. vi. 10—12.)

2. Behold I set before you this day a blessing and a curse ; a blessing, if ye obey the commandments of the LORD your God, which I command you this day : and a curse, if ye will not obey the commandments of the LORD your God. (Deut. xi. 26—28.)

3. The LORD maketh the earth empty, and maketh it waste, and turneth it upside down, and scattereth abroad the inhabitants thereof ; and it shall be, as with the people, so with the priest ; as with the servant, so with his master ; as with the maid, so with her mistress ; as with the buyer, so with the seller ; as with the lender, so with the borrower ; as with the taker of usury, so with the giver of usury unto him. The land shall be utterly emptied, and utterly spoiled. (Is. xxiv. 1—3.)

4. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars : for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption ; it is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory ; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power ; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body. The first man is of the earth, earthy ; the second man is the Lord from heaven. As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy ; and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. (1 Cor. xv. 41—44 ; 47, 48.)

### (3.) INTERROGATION.

1. Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea ? or hast thou walked in the search of the depth ? Have

the gates of death been opened to thee? or hast thou seen the doors of the shadow of death? Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds, that the abundance of waters may cover thee? Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go and say unto thee, Here we are? Who hath put wisdom in the inward parts? or who hath given understanding to the heart? (Job xxxviii. 16, 17, 34—36.)

2. Can two walk together, except they be agreed? Will a lion roar in the forest, when he hath no prey? will a young lion cry out of his den, if he have taken nothing? Can a bird fall in a snare upon the earth, where no gin is for him? shall one take up a snare from the earth, and have taken nothing at all? Shall a trumpet be blown in the city, and the people not be afraid? (Amos iii. 3—6.)

3. A son honoureth his father, and a servant his master: if I then be a father, where is mine honour? and if I be a master, where is my fear? saith the LORD of Hosts unto you, O priests, that despise my name. And ye say, Wherein have we despised thy name? And if ye offer the blind for sacrifice, is it not evil? and if ye offer the lame and the sick, is it not evil? Offer it now unto thy governor; will he be pleased with thee, or accept thy person? (Mal. i. 6, 8.)

4. They were astonished, and said, Whence hath this man this wisdom, and these mighty works? Is not this the carpenter's son? is not his mother called Mary? and his brethren, James, and Joses, and Simon, and Judas? And his sisters, are they not all with us? Whence then hath this man all these things? (St. Matt. xiii. 54—56.)

5. Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent? (Rom. x. 13—15.)

## (4.) PARENTHESIS.

1. When ye come into the land of Canaan; (this is the land that shall fall unto you for an inheritance, even the land of Canaan with the coasts thereof:) then your south quarter shall be from the wilderness of Zin along by the coast of Edom. (Numb. xxxiv. 2, 3.)

2. It came to pass at the end of twenty years, when Solomon had built the two houses, the house of the LORD, and the king's house, (now Hiram the king of Tyre had furnished Solomon with cedar trees and fir trees, and with gold, according to all his desire,) that then king Solomon gave Hiram twenty cities in the land of Galilee. (1 Kings ix. 10, 11.)

3. That ye may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins, (then saith he to the sick of the palsy,) Arise, take up thy bed and go unto thine house. (St. Matt. ix. 6.)

4. Men of Israel, help: This is the man, that teacheth all men every where against the people, and the law, and this place: and further brought Greeks also into the temple, and hath polluted this holy place; (for they had seen before with him in the city Trophimus an Ephesian, whom they supposed that Paul had brought into the temple.) And all the city was moved, and the people ran together. (Acts xxi. 28—30.)

5. That women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with broidered hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array; but (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works. (1 Tim. ii. 9, 10.)

## (5.) EXCLAMATION.

1. O that there were such a heart in them, that they would fear me, and keep all my commandments always, that it might be well with them, and with their children for ever! (Deut. v. 29.)

2. O that they were wise. that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end! (Deut. xxxii. 29.)

3. How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cast down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations! (Is. xiv. 12.)

4. O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself! but in me is thy help. I will ransom thee from the power of the grave; I will redeem thee from death: O death, I will be thy plagues! O grave, I will be thy destruction! (Hosea xiii. 9, 14.)

5. O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out! (Rom. xi. 33.)

(6.) CLIMAX.

1. The LORD thy God bringeth thee into a good land;—a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths that spring out of valleys and hills;—a land of wheat, and barley, and vines, and fig-trees, and pomegranates;—a land of oil-olive and honey;—a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, thou shalt not lack any thing in it;—a land, whose stones are iron, and out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass. (Deut. viii. 7—9.)

2. The day of the LORD of hosts shall be upon every one that is proud and lofty;—and upon every one that is lifted up; and he shall be brought low;—and upon all the cedars of Lebanon, that are high and lifted up;—and upon all the oaks of Bashan, and upon all the high mountains, and upon all the hills that are lifted up;—and upon every high tower, and upon every fenced wall, and upon all the ships of Tarshish, and upon all pleasant pictures;—and the loftiness of man shall be bowed down, and the haughtiness of men shall be made low;—and the LORD alone shall be exalted in that day. (Is. ii. 12—17.)

3. He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me;—and he that loveth son or daughter more than me, is not worthy of me;—and he that taketh not his cross and followeth after me, is not worthy of me. (St. Matt. x. 37, 38.)

4. We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose. For whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son, that he might be the first-born among many brethren ;—moreover, whom he did predestinate, them he also called ;—and whom he called, them he also justified ;—and whom he justified, them he also glorified. (Rom. viii. 28—30.)

(7.) APOSTROPHE AND PERSONIFICATION.\*

1. O thou sword of the LORD, how long will it be ere thou be quiet ? put up thyself into thy scabbard, rest, and be still. (Jer. xlvii. 6.)

2. O vine of Sibmah, I will weep for thee with the weeping of Jazer : thy plants are gone over the sea, they reach even to the sea of Jazer : the spoiler is fallen upon thy summer-fruits and upon thy vintage. (Jer. xlviii. 32.)

3. Thy wise men, O Tyrus, that were in thee, were thy pilots. The ancients of Gebal and the wise men thereof were in thee thy calkers : all the ships of the sea, with their mariners, were in thee to occupy thy merchandise ; they of Persia, and of Lud, and of Phut, were in thine army, thy men of war : they hanged the shield and helmet in thee : they set forth thy comeliness. (Ezekiel xxvii. 8—10.)

4. When Israel went out of Egypt, the house of Jacob from a people of strange language, Judah was his sanctuary, and Israel his dominion. The sea saw it, and fled : Jordan was driven back. The mountains skipped like rams, and the little hills like lambs. What aileth thee, O thou sea, that thou fleddest ? thou Jordan, that thou was driven back ? ye mountains, that ye skipped like rams ; and ye little hills like lambs ?—Tremble, thou earth, at the presence of the LORD, at the presence of the God of Jacob ; which turned the

\* The Prophecy of Isaiah contains many fine personifications.

rock into a standing water, the flint into a fountain of waters. (Psalm cxiv.\*)

(8.) IRONY.

1. And Michal the daughter of Saul came out to meet David, and said, How glorious was the king of Israel to-day, who uncovered himself to-day in the eyes of the handmaids of his servants, as one of the vain fellows shamelessly uncovereth himself! (2 Sam. vi. 20.)

2. And they took the bullock which was given them, and they dressed it, and called on the name of Baal from morning even until noon, saying, O Baal, hear us. But there was no voice, nor any that answered; and they leaped upon the altar which was made. And it came to pass at noon, that Elijah mocked them, and said, Cry aloud; for he is a god; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked. (1 Kings xviii. 26, 27.)

3. Therefore shall evil come upon thee; thou shalt not know from whence it riseth: and mischief shall fall upon thee; thou shalt not be able to put it off: and desolation shall come upon thee suddenly, which thou shalt not know. Stand now with thine enchantments, and with the multitude of thy sorceries, wherein thou hast laboured from thy youth; if so be thou shalt be able to profit, if so be thou mayest prevail. Thou art wearied in the multitude of thy counsels. Let now the astrologers, the star-gazers, the monthly prognosticators, stand up, and save thee from these things that shall come upon thee. (Is. xlvi. 11—13.)

IV.—*Emotional Subjects.*

Many passages of the Holy Scriptures are highly emotional, and even impassioned; and their impressiveness, as such, can be conveyed to the hearer only

\* In this Psalm the figures of apostrophe and personification are most beautifully combined.

in those tones and modulations of voice which the expression of sentiment naturally requires ; but here it is specially necessary to remind the student, that in reading the Holy Scriptures, every emotion must be expressed in a comparatively subdued tone.

#### EXAMPLES.

1. *Affection and Sympathy.*—I know that ye all, among whom I have gone preaching the kingdom of God, shall see my face no more. And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified. I have shewed you all things, how that so labouring ye ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive. And when he had thus spoken, he kneeled down and prayed with them all. And they all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck, and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more. (Acts xx. 25, 32, 35—38.)

2. *Fear and Astonishment.*—Then Nebuchadnezzar the king was astonished, and rose up in haste, and spake, and said unto his counsellors, Did not we cast three men bound into the midst of the fire ? They answered and said unto the king, True, O king. He answered and said, Lo, I see four men loose, walking in the midst of the fire, and they have no hurt ; and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God ! (Daniel iii. 24, 25.)

3. *Fear with Terror.*—And the heaven departed as a scrawl, when it is rolled together ; and every mountain and island were moved out of their places ; and the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondman, and every freeman, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains ; and said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from

the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb; for the great day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand? (Rev. vi. 14—17.)

4. *Mental Distress and Anguish*.—Jacob their father said unto them, Me have ye bereaved of my children: Joseph is not, and Simeon is not, and ye will take Benjamin away: all these things are against me! And he said, My son shall not go down with you; for his brother is dead, and he is left alone: if mischief befall him by the way in which ye go, then shall ye bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. (Gen. xlii. 36, 38.)

5. *Inconsolable Grief*.—And the king was much moved, and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept; and as he went, thus he said, O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!—And it was told Joab, Behold, the king weepeth and mourneth for Absalom;—but the king covered his face, and the king cried with a loud voice, O my son Absalom, O Absalom, my son, my son! (2 Sam. xviii. 33; xix. 1, 4.)

5. *Indignation*.—And the high priest Ananias commanded them that stood by him to smite him on the mouth.—Then said Paul unto him,—God shall smite thee, thou whited wall: for sittest thou to judge me after the law, and commandest me to be smitten contrary to the law. (Acts xxiii. 2, 3.)

6. *Anger*.—Then Saul's anger was kindled against Jonathan, and he said unto him, Thou son of the perverse rebellious woman, do not I know that thou hast chosen the son of Jesse to thine own confusion? For as long as the son of Jesse liveth upon the ground, thou shalt not be established, nor thy kingdom. Wherefore now send and fetch him unto me, for he shall surely die;—and Saul cast a javelin at him to smite him. (1 Sam. xx. 30, 31, 33.)

7. *Rage*.—Then was Nebuchadnezzar full of fury, and the form of his visage was changed against Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego; therefore he spake, and commanded that they should heat the furnace one seven times more than it was wont to be heated; and he commanded the most mighty men that were in his army to bind Shadrach, Meshach, and Abed-nego, and to cast them into the burning, fiery furnace. (Dan. iii. 19, 20.)

8. *Divine Wrath*.—I hate, I despise your feast-days, and I will not smell in your solemn assemblies. Though ye offer me burnt-offerings and your meat-offerings, I will not accept them: neither will I regard the peace-offerings of your fat beasts. Take thou away from me the noise of thy songs; for I will not hear the melody of thy viols. Have ye offered unto me sacrifices and offerings in the wilderness forty years, O house of Israel? But ye have borne the tabernacle of your Moloch and Chiun your images, the star of your God, which ye made to yourselves; therefore will I cause you to go into captivity beyond Damascus, saith the LORD, whose name is The God of Hosts. (Amos v. 21—23, 25—27.)

9. *Hatred*.—And the king of Israel said unto Jehoshaphat, There is yet one man, Micaiah the son of Imlah, by whom we may inquire of the LORD: but I hate him; for he doth not prophecy good concerning me, but evil. \* \* \* \* \*

And the king of Israel said unto Jehoshaphat, Did I not tell thee that he would prophecy no good concerning me, but evil? And the king of Israel said, Take Micaiah, and carry him back unto Amon the governor of the city, and to Joash the king's son; and say, Thus saith the king, Put this fellow in the prison, and feed him with bread of affliction and with water of affliction, until I come in peace. (1 Kings xxii. 8, 18, 26, 27.)

V.—*Pathos of Short Passages.*

The force of a passage often depends upon some short member, clause, or reply, expressive of sudden impulse or impression. This, to have effect, must be read in those tones which indicate simple natural point and feeling, and which the sensitive and cultivated mind readily appreciates.

EXAMPLES (*printed in Italics*).

1. And Isaac spake upon Abraham his father, and said, My father ; and he said, Here am I, my son : and he said, Behold the fire and the wood : but where is the lamb for a burnt offering ? And Abraham said, *My son, God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt offering* : so they went both of them together. (Gen. xxii. 7, 8.)

2. And Joseph lifted up his eyes and saw his brother Benjamin, *his mother's son*, and said, Is this your younger brother, of whom ye spake unto me ? And he said, *God be gracious unto thee, my son*. (Gen. xliii. 29.)

3. And as David returned from the slaughter of the Philistine, Abner took him, and brought him before Saul, with the head of the Philistine in his hand ; and Saul said to him, Whose son art thou, thou young man ? And David answered, *I am the son of thy servant Jesse the Bethlehemite*. (1 Sam. xvii. 57, 58.)

4. But Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping ; and she turned herself back, and saw Jesus standing, and knew not that it was Jesus. Jesus saith unto her, Woman, why weepest thou ? whom seekest thou ? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away. Jesus saith unto her, *Mary* : she turned herself, and saith unto him, *Rabboni* ; which is to say, Master. (St. John xx. 11, 14—16.)

VI.—*Illustrative and Part Reading.*

The use of illustration in the Holy Scriptures is very common, in the form either of parables or of real or imaginary incidents. Generally, it assumes a parenthetical character, and requires to be marked by a slight pause at the commencement and conclusion.

*Part-reading*, as also *Argument*, *Denunciation*, *Command*, *Entreaty*, and *Question and Answer*, must be indicated as in secular reading; but without any attempt at impersonation.

## EXAMPLES.

1. *Incidental Illustration*.—And Jesus answering, said unto him, Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee. And he saith, Master, say on.—There was a certain creditor which had two debtors: the one owed five hundred pence, and the other fifty; and when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both:—tell me, therefore, which of them will love him most? Simon answered and said, I suppose that he, to whom he forgave most. And he said unto him, Thou hast rightly judged. (St. Luke vii. 40—42.)

2. *Part-reading*.—Then said Martha unto Jesus, Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died;—but I know, that even now, whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee.

Jesus saith unto her, Thy brother shall rise again.

Martha saith unto him, I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day.

Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection, and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die. Believest thou this?

She saith unto him, Yea, Lord: I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world. (St. John xi. 21—27.)

3. *Disputation, with Question and Answer.*—And, behold, all the men of Israel came to the king, and said unto the king, Why have our brethren the men of Judah stolen thee away, and have brought the king, and his household, and all David's men with him, over Jordan?

And all the men of Judah answered the men of Israel, - Because the king is near of kin to us : - wherefore then be ye angry for this matter? have we eaten at all of the king's cost? or hath he given us any gift?

And the men of Israel answered the men of Judah, and said, We have ten parts in the king, and we have also more right in David than ye :—why then did ye despise us, that our advice should not be first had in bringing back our king? (2 Sam. xix. 41—43.)

4. *Denunciation.*—Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! because ye build the tombs of the prophets, and garnish the sepulchres of the righteous, and say, If we had been in the days of our fathers, we would not have been partakers with them in the blood of the prophets;—Fill ye up, then, the measure of your fathers. Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell? (St. Matt. xxiii. 29, 30, 32, 33.)

5.—*Command.*—Call together the archers against Babylon: all ye that bend the bow, camp against it round about; let none thereof escape: recompense her according to her work; according to all that she hath done, do unto her: for she hath been proud against the Lord, against the Holy One of Israel. (Jer. l. 29.)

6. *Supplication.*—And Moses returned unto the Lord, and said, Oh, this people have sinned a great sin, and have made them gods of gold; yet now, if thou wilt forgive their sin—; and if not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book which thou hast written. (Ex. xxxii. 31, 32.)

7. *Impassioned Appeal*.—See, I have set before thee this day life and good, and death and evil; but if thine heart turn away, so that thou wilt not hear, but shalt be drawn away, and worship other gods, and serve them; I denounce unto you this day, that ye shall surely perish, and that ye shall not prolong your days upon the land, whither thou passest over Jordan to go to possess it. I call heaven and earth to record this day against you, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing: therefore choose life, that both thou and thy seed may live., (Deut. xxx. 15, 17—20.)

#### VII.—*Divisional Distinctions.*

The Old Testament is usually divided into four parts—1st, The Pentateuch, or five Books of Moses; 2ndly, The Historical Books; 3rdly, The Hagiographa, or devotional and practical Scriptures; and 4thly, The Prophetical Books.

The divisions of the New Testament are also four, viz., 1st, The four Gospels; 2ndly, The Acts of the Apostles; 3rdly, The Apostolical Epistles; and 4thly, The Book of the Revelation of St. John.

Each of these parts has distinguishing peculiarities, which in reading require to be duly observed and brought out, and which form the basis of a style of reading, characteristically suitable.

In the Pentateuch, the Historical Books of the Old Testament, the four Gospels, and the Acts of the Apostles, where narrative and description predominate, the pitch and tones of the voice must in general accord with the ordinary mode of reading narrative and descriptive pieces. And wherever the subject requires special modulations of the voice, such must be introduced without prejudice to the more common style of reading.

In the devotional and preceptive Scriptures, where the feeling of piety and submission is aroused, and the

holiest emotions find expression, and where the most solemn appeals are addressed to the heart and judgment, the reading requires a much more impressive intonation than narrative or description ; but the connexion of all such subjects with the profoundest veneration, subdues the tones, and requires the monotone to predominate.

In the prophetical and epistolary portions of the Inspired Word, where the writers frequently assume a high and authoritative position, a style of reading, suitably elevated, but without being bombastic, must generally be adopted. Here, however, as in all the preceding instances, the fundamental or prevailing style admits of great variety of modulation,—as the subjects themselves admit of great variety in the mode of statement and illustration.

While, therefore, the main divisions of the Holy Scriptures have in each case their special objects, and corresponding style of composition, and in reading require that all such divisional distinctions should be duly regarded, no harsh, formal, or stereotyped mode of reading must be adopted, but the intonation and expression be varied as the nature or variety of the subjects properly require. What, however, is primary and essential in the reading of the Holy Scriptures, is that their meaning and intention should be properly understood by the reader himself ; for to read the Word of God without understanding, or with irreverence in youth, is too generally followed in manhood by a total rejection of its authority and a practical indifference to all religion ; whereas, carefully, feelingly, and expressively to read the sacred Word, is to enlarge the understanding and improve the heart of the reader, and to promote in himself and those who hear him, the highest moral and religious benefit.



11

